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PLATE I

DRAMATIC SERVICES OF WORSHIP

By Isabel Kimball Whiting

Introduction by
Samuel McChord Crothers

"It is only the true worshipper who can find the world genuinely lovable. The vision of God must give the reason for all the irrational attachments of life, all the sacrifices of self to brother, state, or cause."

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING.

1925
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TO

MY CHILDREN

AND THROUGH THEM TO THE

YOUTH OF TO-DAY

OUR CONSTANT SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

INTRODUCTION

RELIGION is at the same time a tradition and an experience. The Catholic Church emphasizes the traditional element. Christianity is the story of miraculous events which took place at definite periods of time. To tell this story to each generation is the business of the church. Belief in the absolute reality of what is handed down is essential to salvation. The church has dramatized the life and death of Jesus, and of the prophets who foretold his coming, and of the apostles and martyrs who followed him. It has taken pains to make the child familiar with scenes that belong to the glorious past. With this imaginative background he is able to draw motives for his own conduct from what he has learned to revere.

Liberal protestantism reverses the order. Religion, we say, is first of all a personal experience. It belongs to the present, and must be tested by the knowledge of today. Not what happened "once upon a time" is important, but what is happening today. With this emphasis upon personal experience there has come a neglect for the historical element in religion which has brought some results that are not pleasing.

We forget that if religion is a personal experience to us it must have been a personal experience to each individual who has gone before us. If our generation has its own thought of God, so must every generation

of the past. If there has been any progress it has come because that which is most significant in any one generation is handed down to that which follows. To know the best which has been experienced, and the slow degrees by which spiritual truth is discovered is a necessary part of education. We cannot be truly liberal in our thoughts without knowing something of the "ways of the spirit" in times past.

It is not necessary to suppose that the former times were better than these, or that God revealed himself more clearly then than now. It is enough to know that the spiritual forces that are working now have been working through all ages, and have produced all those "fruits of the Spirit" which we most value. There is nothing noble that has not been won by human effort. We cannot understand the present without a knowledge of the forces that have produced it.

Mrs. Whiting has been making experiments in religious education. She has appealed to the imagination of the children, so that they may feel the charm of the poetry of religion. At the request of those who felt that she had succeeded in connecting the old stories with present experience, she is publishing these services for the children of church schools.

SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS.

PREFACE

THIS book of Dramatic Services has been arranged for the training of youth in the experience of worship. The traditional church days, and times of special religious significance, have been chosen for commemoration.

Important episodes in Bible history and literature, and memorial records of devoted spiritual leaders have been set in dramatic form within the ritual of a religious service. Hymns, music, prayers, and responsive verses have been selected to illuminate further the central idea chosen for each service. The choice of hymns, chorales and old carols, is designed to lead more groups of people into closer acquaintance with some of the richest of sacred music, from the earliest times, to the present.

The same desire to familiarize youth with really great literature has dominated the selection of poetry and prose, so that, practically, all the memorizing work comprises passages of permanent value. Material from the Bible is used extensively, and in the St. Francis episode the literal sayings of the Brothers Minor are given, as recorded in "The Little Flowers of St. Francis."

The writer believes a year's programme for church schools could be developed from this series. Each month would have its dramatic service as presented; around

these the other Sunday lessons would revolve. The different episodes would be divided among the groups of the church school, so that the work necessary for the production of each dramatic service would constitute part of their class study. There would be also lessons in the geography, history, and literature of varied Bible material; glimpses into the lives of the old saints and legends of the early church. Thus all preliminary lesson material, which is too often isolated facts, and disconnected passages, would be visualized each month by the youth themselves in a dramatic service of worship. Such attitudes as faith, reverence, courage, self-sacrifice, and self-consecration to God would cease to be mere abstractions, and would become truly impelling through the right emotional appeal of dramatic action. Professor James B. Pratt has said, "So close is the relation between reaction and feeling, between bodily expression and inner state, that he who imitates another's act, posture or expression is likely to share at least incipiently in the mental attitude thus expressed. . . . It is more important that he (the child) should imitate actions which are expressive of religious feelings and thus come to wonder, think and feel for himself, than that he should learn any amount of pious words."

The enduring significance of religious days and ceremonies belongs to all denominations and sects.

Music, hymns, prayers, and passages of all great literature are universal in their application. Whatever of permanent value is brought out of the spiritual and artistic expression of man to enrich a service of worship is above theology or dogma, and prophetic of future truth still to be revealed. Professor Hocking has said, "Worship is imperfect unless when I worship I am joining the race in worship." The youth of each age should enter into the experience of all the consecrated spirits of the past and present, to whom is due the permanent spiritual progress of the world.

The emphasis in these dramatic episodes is placed upon their being an integral part of a service, rather than finished plays or dramas. The dramatic action is subordinated to the service as a whole, and the purpose in their arrangement and in their presentation, is to induce the spirit of worship in those taking part in the action, as well as in the members of the congregation.

Services of worship must become more and more the important method of training for the religious and spiritual fellowship of youth. Worship is the keynote of religious experience, and the youth of each generation should be given opportunities for understanding its significance, and for receiving its rich contribution to their spiritual life.

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Dramatic Service of Worship for September

Reconsecration of Youth in Religious Fellowship

The Anointing of David by Samuel

Characters

Two Young Boys (Trumpeters)

Samuel

David

The Elders (3)

Jesse

Eliab

Abinadab

Shammah

Opening Service

Hymn for the congregation:

Lord this day Thy Children Meet

Lord, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee
Lord, we would remember Thee.

Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

One Group of Children in Congregation: Come and let us return unto the Lord and we shall live in His sight.

SECOND GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION: Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place?

FIRST GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION: He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

The congregation sings third and fourth verses of Hymn, Samuel, *by* Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Novello & Company:

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him, to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

As the verses are sung Samuel, *now an old priest, comes in at the door near the chancel. He is accompanied by two young boys who also minister with* Samuel *in the house of the Lord. Each boy carries a long silver trumpet.*

(Samuel *is dressed according to the sketch (see Plate I), and the two boys in simple linen ephods, as* Samuel *is described as having worn when as a boy he assisted Eli in the temple.* Samuel *carries his horn of oil. They walk across the front of the church and stand facing the congregation in front of the chancel steps. Back half way in the chancel is a table to suggest the altar in the temple. On the table is a beautiful cloth of white and gold and a seven-branched candlestick, a censer of coals, a flat brass tray, a brass urn-like jar. Exodus,* Chap. 37: verse 17. *In this, if possible, there should be oil to light, not candles.* Samuel *stands in the center of the two young boys, facing the congregation. The music ceases.*)

FIRST GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION: Samuel, Priest of God, who hath served long at His altar, cometh now to stand in his holy place.

SECOND GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION: And two young boys shall also minister with Samuel in the house of the Lord.

SAMUEL (*in a strong solemn voice*):

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Make thee two trumpets of silver; of a whole

piece shalt thou make them; that thou mayest use them for the calling of the assembly.

(*The two boys turn and walk slowly and with dignity up the chancel steps, taking their places, each on one side of the altar table.*)

SAMUEL (*continuing*): And when they shall blow their trumpets, all the assembly shall assemble themselves to Thee at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. Also in the day of your gladness, and in your solemn days, ye shall blow with the trumpets over your burnt offerings, and over the sacrifice of your peace offerings; that they may be to you for a memorial before your God.

(*The two boys put their trumpets to their lips and a low clear blast is heard. Instantly three elders enter the door near the chancel, and come in haste and eager curiosity toward* Samuel. Samuel *turns to greet them, all bowing low.*)

FIRST ELDER (*addressing* Samuel): Samuel, Priest of the Lord, comest thou peaceably?

SAMUEL: Peaceably; I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord; sanctify yourselves, O Ye Elders, and come with me to the sacrifice.

SECOND ELDER: Wherefore come ye to sacrifice?

SAMUEL: The Lord spake unto me saying, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul? Fill thine horn with oil and go."

THIRD ELDER (*in amazement*): Hath the Lord rejected Saul from reigning over Israel?

SAMUEL: The Lord said, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a King among his sons.

FIRST ELDER (*in consternation, turning from one to the other excitedly*): If Saul hear it, he will kill thee!

SAMUEL (*calmly, unperturbed*): The Lord hath spoken. (*Then turning to the* First Elder.) Call Jesse and his sons to the sacrifice, for the Lord hath said, "I will show thee what thou shalt do; thou shalt anoint me, him, whom I name."

FIRST ELDER (*bowing*): I will fetch thee Jesse and his sons. (*He leaves hastily.*)

SAMUEL (*to the two trumpeters beside the altar*): Let us prepare the offering unto the Lord. Fetch me, I pray thee, the fine cakes and the pure frankincense.

(*During the following action the organ plays softly the air from* Händel's Jephtha "Ye Sacred Priests." *The trumpeters lean their trumpets against sides of altar. One lifts the tray, the other the jar, and stand holding them in their two hands.* Samuel

turns and walks up the chancel steps to the altar where the young trumpeters stand. As he reaches the altar he places his horn of oil on it, then lights the lamp and turns to face the congregation.)

SAMUEL (*holding the tray, facing congregation*) : The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, "Thou shalt take fine flour and bake twelve cakes thereof, two tenth deals shall be in one cake; and thou shalt set them in two rows, six in a row upon the pure table before the Lord."

SAMUEL (*to the people*) : He shall order the lamps upon the pure candlestick before the Lord continually.

(*The boy with the tray of cakes hands the tray to* Samuel.)

(Samuel *turns and places the cakes as he described. He turns back again and the other boy hands him the jar of frankincense.*)

SAMUEL (*holding the jar in his two hands*) : And the Lord said, "Thou shalt put pure frankincense upon each row, that it may be on the bread for a memorial, even an offering of fire unto the Lord.

(Samuel *turns to the altar and sprinkles the frankincense as described. He then hands the empty tray and jar to the boys, who re-*

place the tray and urn on the altar. At this moment the First Elder *returns entering the door near the chancel with* Jesse *and his three sons,* Eliab, Abinadab, *and* Shammah. *They approach* Samuel *who turns to meet them. The* Elders *stand expectant and eager listeners.*)

FIRST ELDER (*bowing before* Samuel): Behold, I have brought to you Jesse and his three sons.

(Jesse *and the sons bow low before* Samuel.)

JESSE (*in pride*): These are my sons, Eliab, Abinadab and Shammah; servants of the Lord.

SAMUEL: Sanctify yourselves and come with me to the sacrifice.

ELIAB: We would lift up our hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.

JESSE: Eliab, pass thou first to the sacrifice.

(Eliab *approaches* Samuel, *going up the chancel steps, slowly to the altar. He is a fine, strong lad, proud in appearance.*)

SAMUEL (*as if to himself, looking earnestly at* Eliab): Surely the Lord's anointed is before me. (*Then looking more searchingly at him shaking his head.*) Nay, the Lord speaks to me saying, Look not on his countenance, or height of his stature for I have refused him. (*Then turning to* Jesse *and the*

others who watch excitedly he continues.) The Lord seeth not as a man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

(Eliab *stands now at one side of the altar beside one of the young trumpeters. He looks rather disdainfully at* Samuel, *and shrugs his shoulders.*)

JESSE: Pass thou, Abinadab, to the sacrifice. (Abinadab, *less comely and less proud, but showing some sense of personal importance passes before* Samuel, *up the steps of the altar.*)

SAMUEL (*looking closely at him; then shaking his head*): Neither has the Lord chosen this one.

(Jesse *motions now, less hopefully, to* Shammah *to pass before* Samuel.)

SAMUEL (*looking thoughtfully at* Shammah): Nor is this the chosen one of the Lord.

(Jesse *sighs and looks disconsolately after the three sons, who stand now together at the side of the altar. They look at each other rather perplexed and surprised.*)

ELIAB (*speaking as if mystified, to the two brothers*): Did he search us and know our hearts?

ABINADAB (*somewhat provoked*): What would he? Are we not comely?

Shammah (*turning in perplexity to* Jesse): Is it that we do not fear the Lord?

Congregation: "Except ye fear the Lord ye may not be chosen. The friendship of the Lord is with them that fear him."

Samuel (*to* Jesse): Are here all thy children?

Jesse: There remaineth yet others, among whom is the youngest, and behold he keepeth the sheep.

Samuel: Make haste to fetch him.

(Jesse *leaves in haste, going up the center aisle.*)

First Elder (*earnestly to* Samuel): Pray for thy servants unto the Lord, thy God, that His anointed may be found.

(Samuel *bows acquiescence, and they all go toward the altar. The organ plays softly the* Händel theme "See the Conquering Hero comes" *from* "Joshua," *which is to be sung later during the ritual as described.* Samuel *lifts a censer of coals from the altar, and facing the congregation holds it high in both hands.*)

Samuel: And he shall take a censer full of living coals of fire from off the altar before the Lord, and his hands full of sweet incense beaten small, and he shall put the incense upon the fire before the Lord.

(Samuel *turns, places the censer on the altar and sprinkles the incense upon it. As the incense rises, the organ without the voices plays the triumphant chorus from* Händel ("See the Conquering Hero comes.")
(Samuel *takes the horn of oil from the altar and faces the congregation.*)
(Jesse *is seen with* David *coming down the center aisle. The chorus of voices now sings "See the Godlike youth advance, Breathe the flutes and lead the dance, Myrtle wreaths and roses twine, To deck the hero's brow divine." Continue until* Jesse *and* David *go up the chancel steps, and* Samuel, *stepping forward, meets them half way to the altar. The voices sing only the preceding verse, then the organ continues the theme.* David *is in simple shepherd costume with his staff in his hand. He suggests quiet and sweet dignity, somewhat mystified but wholly calm. As* Samuel *reaches* David, *his face shows suppressed excitement. When the organ finishes its last triumphant note, they are all standing in tense and eager expectation.*)

JESSE: Behold here is now my youngest son David, who was keeping the sheep.

Samuel (*excitedly as if to himself*): Behold, he is ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance. (*Then aloud to all.*) The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in Heaven, his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men.

David: Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts.

Congregation: Know that the Lord hath set apart for himself him that is godly. He hath proved David. He hath tried him as silver is tried.

Eliab (*looking at* David *in wonder*): Thou art fairer than the children of men. Grace is poured into thy lips!

Abinadab (*marvelling*): Therefore hath God blessed thee forever, Because of truth and meekness and righteousness.

Shammah (*clasping his hands in ecstasy and turning to his two brothers*): Lo, the Lord is with David.

(*They look lovingly toward* David, *showing deep consciousness of* David's *consecrated spirit.*)

Eliab (*earnestly*): David, thou hast behaved thyself wisely in all thy ways, surely we know now the Lord is with thee!

David (*in calm, gentle dignity*): I will say of the Lord,

glory and honor are in his presence, strength and gladness are in his place.

SAMUEL (*earnestly to* David): Turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart.

DAVID (*in gentle confidence*): Yea, have I not said, O Lord, I will love thee, thou art my strength. Thou wilt light my candle, thou wilt enlighten my darkness.

(*During the foregoing dialogue the* Elders, Jesse *and the three brothers watch in tense excitement. The two trumpeters lean eagerly forward to catch every word.* Samuel *shows increasing and tense feeling, until as* David *quietly says the last word,* Samuel *lifts his arms high, the horn of oil in one hand.*)

SAMUEL (*showing exaltation of spirit almost calling out*): The Lord saith unto me, arise, anoint him, for this is he!

(David *moves upward to the altar and kneels in rapt, wondering awe. The voices of the chorus are heard now giving the whole of the* Händel "See the Conquering Hero comes, Sound the trumpets—beat the drums." *As the chorus of voices ends the two boys put*

their trumpets to their lips in an ecstasy of joy; the Elders *and* Jesse *clasp their hands holding them high as if in a transport of delight, and the three brothers kneel close to* David *but below him.* David *has remained kneeling, with face uplifted in "the beauty of holiness."*)

Samuel (*in great solemnity*): The Lord saith, touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm.

(*He makes a gesture as of pouring the oil upon* David's *head.*)

The Elders (*beseeching* David): Only fear the Lord, David, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you!

David: Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, Amen!

Jesse (*deeply moved*): O God, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength!

The Elders (*in joyous acclaim*): Blessed be the Lord, God of Israel, forever and ever!

Jesse, Eliab, Abinadab, Shammah: Amen, Amen!

Samuel (*taking* David *by the hand, lifting him to his*

feet) : Great deliverance giveth he to his King, and showeth mercy to his anointed, to David and to his seed forever more.

DAVID (*with uplifted face, in calm, exalted tones*) : I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is on my right hand that I should not be moved. Therefore did my heart rejoice and my tongue was glad; moreover, all my flesh shall rest in hope; (*in still greater exaltation of spirit*) Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance!

SAMUEL (*to the congregation solemnly*) : He chose David to be his servant, and took him from the sheep fold; yea, from following the sheep he brought him to be the shepherd of his people, that he might be their shepherd according to the integrity of his heart.

CONGREGATION, THE ELDERS, JESSE, THE THREE BROTHERS, and SAMUEL (*in joyous confidence and exaltation*) : Happy is that people whose God is the Lord!

(*The organ starts the following Hymn of Praise with all voices in the congregation singing.*)

Now Let every Tongue Adore Thee

(*Sleepers, Wake*)

Now let every tongue adore Thee!
Let men with angels sing before Thee!
Let harps and symbols now unite!
No mortal eye hath seen,
No mortal ear hath heard
Such wondrous things;
Therefore with joy our song shall soar
In praise to God forever more.

All thy gates with pearl are glorious
Where we partake thro' faith victorious,
With angels round thy throne of light—
No mortal eye hath seen,
No mortal ear hath heard
Such wondrous things:
Therefore with joy our song shall soar
In praise to God forever more.

Johann Sebastian Bach

(*As the hymn starts, the two boys putting their trumpets to their lips lead the procession down from the chancel, up the center aisle out the church door. The two trumpeters march side by side, then* Samuel, *alone, then* David *alone, then* Jesse *and* Eliab, *next* Abinadab *and* Shammah, *and the* Three Elders, *one by one. The congregation sings*

until the last Elder *leaves the church. All march with great dignity and as if in an old solemn procession going forth from an altar of sacrifice. The music ends.*)

PRAYER SAID BY MINISTER AND CONGREGATION:

Wisdom 9

O God of the fathers, Lord of mercy,
Who madest all things by thy word,
Grant unto me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne
And was present when thou wast making the world.
Who ever gained knowledge of thy counsel, except
thou gavest wisdom,
And sentest thy Holy Spirit from on high.

Benediction

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTATION

Samuel *is costumed according to sketch in* Appendix. *The ephods for the young trumpeters are simple short tunics of linen, with a belt embroidered in gold. Trumpets made of silver paper like the gold trumpet of the Christmas angel may be used with organ notes to give the trumpet calls.* David *should wear a rough tunic with some animal skin or fur fastened on one shoulder and caught under the other arm at waist. He should be bare headed and carry his shepherd's crook. The action must be adapted to the design of chancel or platform in individual churches.*

Dramatic Service of Worship for October

Leo Tolstoy's, "Where Love is, God is"

Dedication of Self to the Service of Others

Characters

Martin Andrevitch (The Cobbler)

The Pilgrim

Stepanvitch

The Woman and Baby

The Apple Woman

The Boy

The Water Carrier

The Porter

The Lamplighter

The Unseen Voice

Opening Service

Congregation sings the following hymn:

Geneva — *E. W. Bullinger*

When thy heart with joy o'erflowing
Sings a thankful prayer
In thy joy, Oh let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves are gathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul with power uplifted
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing
Sorrow's burden share,
When thy heart enfolds a brother
God is there.

ONE GROUP OF CONGREGATION SAYS:

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels but have not love, I am become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal.

SECOND GROUP OF CONGREGATION SAYS:

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

FIRST GROUP SAYS:

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three: and the greatest of these is love.

Adapted from Leo Tolstoy's "Where Love is, God is"

Scene I

(Martin's *cobbler shop. On his bench near the window* Martin *is seated, stitching a shoe. He wears loose, long trousers, a Russian smock and has shaggy gray hair. A pale light shines on him, suggesting the late afternoon. The shop is very small with only the one window which is so arranged as to suggest a basement room. The feet only of passersby show through the window, and* Martin *stoops over now and then, to look up and see the faces of*

the people. At one side is a door leading outside. Opposite a little stove, on which is a kettle; beside this stove is a wooden stool. Against the wall hangs an old coat or cape. In the center of the room is a rough wooden table, another stool beside it. On the table two Russian brass candlesticks, a samovar, a bowl, a cup and plate, two or three spoons and a pitcher or jug. Against the wall near the stove is a cot, covered wtih a worn counterpane.)

MARTIN (*pausing from his stitching of a shoe and looking out the window*): There are not many shoes, hereabout, that have not gone through my hands. I know the people that pass my window by their feet; I do not have to see their faces. Those new felt boots going by now are the house-porter's (*house-porter passes by*); these old worn shoes the water carrier's (*water carrier passes*); those high-laced ones are the old soldier's, Stepanvitch. (*Looks out especially eagerly.*) How feebly he walks! He is out with his shovel earning a few kopets clearing off snow.

(Stepanvitch *stays in sight, his snowy boots and shovel plainly seen. A church bell begins to ring.*)

MARTIN (*shaking his head sadly*): Not for me the church bells ring since death has taken from me all whom I loved. Oh miserable man that I am. Oh miserable man that I am!

(*He looks out again just as some coarsely clad feet in sandals and the end of a rough staff are seen.*)

MARTIN: The feet of a holy pilgrim. (*He stoops to see the face.*) 'Tis my old friend, the holy man from Troitsa Monastery.

(Martin *rises quickly, putting down his tools and shoe and goes to his door. He is stooped and somewhat lame as he walks.*)

MARTIN (*opening the door*): Welcome, holy man.
THE PILGRIM: Peace be to you, Martin Andrevitch.

(Martin *leads the* Pilgrim *over to the stove helping him to shake off the snow from his garments. It is growing darker now the light from the window fading.* Martin *goes to the table and lights the candles. The* Pilgrim *watches him intently, studying his face in the light.*)

THE PILGRIM (*sitting on stool by stove*): Thy face, Martin, is sad and worn.

MARTIN: I no longer wish to live, holy man. Death has taken all whom I love, therefore, all I ask of God is that I soon may die. I am now quite without hope in the world.

(Martin *sits on stool by the table.*)

THE PILGRIM: You have no right to say such things, Martin. We cannot judge God's ways, not our reasoning but God's will decides. As to your despair, that comes because you wish to live for your own happiness.

MARTIN: What else should one live for?

THE PILGRIM: For God, Martin. He gives you life, you must live for him.

MARTIN (*thoughtfully and eagerly*): But how is one to live for him?

THE PILGRIM: How one may live for God has been shown us by Christ. Can you read?

MARTIN: Yes, Friend.

THE PILGRIM (*handing* Martin *the book from under his arm*): Read them, the Gospels, Martin, then you will see how God would have you live.

(*The* Pilgrim *rises to go,* Martin *puts the* Gospels *on the table, goes to the door, opens it for the* Pilgrim.)

THE PILGRIM (*with his hand on* Martin's *arm, and looking earnestly into his face*):

And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples and said,

Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the Kingdom of God.

Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled.

Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you and when they shall separate you from their company and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake.

Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy; for behold, your reward is great in heaven; for in like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.

Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

Those words you will find in the Gospels.

(*A pause, then as he goes out the door.*)

Peace be to thee Martin Andrevitch.

(Martin *stands in thought as the door closes. then walks slowly back to the table. Church bells ring softly.*)

MARTIN (*meditatively*): We must live for God. He gives us life, we must live for him.

(Martin *sits down at the table, opens the book*

under the candlelight, turns the pages slowly, reading now and then. Music is heard. Soft organ or violin music from the Bach Chorale, "Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love" *to be sung later.* Martin *begins to read aloud slowly, earnestly.*)

MARTIN: The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in his temple.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said, Unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

(Martin *pauses, looks up in deep thought. Same organ music from the* Bach Chorale.)

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and

he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

(Martin *looks up again, new life in his face. Same music—exultant now.*)

MARTIN (*wonderingly*): Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, he will strengthen thine heart. (*Pausing, then clasping his hands as if in prayer.*) Thy face Lord will I seek. (*A pause, then raising his hands in exultation.*) "Glory to thee, glory to thee, O Lord! Thy will be done!" (*He reads again.*)

Whosoever cometh to me and heareth my sayings and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like.

He is like a man which built an house and digged deep and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house and could not shake it; for it was founded on a rock.

But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth, against which the stream did beat vehemently and immediately it fell, and the ruin of that house was great.

MARTIN (*musingly*): Is my house built on the rock or on sand? If it stands on the rock it is well. It seems easy enough while I sit here alone, and one

thinks one has done all that God commands. I will persevere. It brings such joy. Help me, O Lord!

(Martin *begins to turn the pages of the* Bible, *finds something that arrests his attention, takes up his spectacles eagerly, and begins to read aloud slowly*—Luke, Chap. 7: verses 44–46. *Repeat.*)

MARTIN: And he turned to the woman and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

MARTIN (*meditating aloud*): He gave no water for his feet, gave no kiss, his head with oil he did not anoint. (*Takes off his spectacles and ponders.*) He must have been like me, that Pharisee. He, too, thought only of himself—how to get a cup of tea, how to keep warm and comfortable; never a thought of his guest. He took care of himself, but for his guest he cared nothing at all. Yet who was the guest? The Lord himself! If he came to me, should I behave like that?

(Martin *leans his head upon his hands and dreamily looks off into the audience. His eyes close and he sleeps. The same music of* Bach Chorale *is heard again.*)

VOICE: Martin!

MARTIN (*with eyes still closed*): Who is here?

VOICE: Martin! Martin!

MARTIN (*again dreamily*): Who's there?

VOICE: Martin! Martin! Look out into the street tomorrow, for I shall come.

MARTIN (*opening his eyes and starting up suddenly*): Did I hear a voice, or did I dream? Did I hear a voice say, "Martin, look out into the street tomorrow, for I shall come?" Is Christ coming to me?

CURTAINS DRAWN

SERVICE BETWEEN SCENES I AND II

Congregation sings the following Bach Chorale:

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love

To mercy, pity, peace and love
All pray in their distress
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness,
Return their thankfulness.

For mercy, pity, peace and love
Is God our Father dear
And mercy, pity, peace and love
Is man his chief and core,
Is man his chief and core.

For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine
And peace the human dress,
And peace the human dress.

Then every man of every clime
That prays in his distress
Prays to the human form divine
Love, mercy, pity, peace,
Love, mercy, pity, peace.

And all must love the human form
In heathen, Turk or Jew
Where mercy, love and pity dwell
There God is dwelling too,
There God is dwelling too.

Words by *William Blake*

Scene II

(*The same room. Through the window and the door light shines brightly at first, then gradually fades as the scene develops and evening comes on.* Martin *is sitting on his bench near the window patching a boot. Between the taps of his hammer,* Martin *glances up and out of the window eagerly. As characters pass,* Martin *looks long and eagerly at each.*)

MARTIN (*wonderingly and meditatively*): Did I really hear a voice last night, or was I dreaming. Such things have happened before now. Did I hear a voice say "Martin, Martin, look out into the street tomorrow, for I shall come."

(*The old* Soldier *comes with his shovel, clearing away the snow.*)

MARTIN (*looking out eagerly*): I must be growing crazy with age. Stepanvitch comes to clear away the snow, and I must needs imagine it's Christ coming to visit me. (*Hammers a little on the shoe then looks up again.* Stepanvitch *still shoveling.*) There's that poor old Stepanvitch again. How cold he must be! What if I called him in and gave him some tea? The samovar is just on the boil. (*Goes to the door and calls.*) O Stepanvitch, come in and warm yourself a bit. I'm sure you must be cold. (*They enter together. Takes him by the arm to the chair.*) It is good to see you!

STEPANVITCH: May God bless you! My bones do ache to be sure. (*Blowing his fingers to warm them.*)

MARTIN: Come, friend, sit down and have some tea. (Martin *fills two cups of tea, and hands one to the soldier, who takes it eagerly with trembling hands, and sips cautiously.* Stepanvitch *sits on the stool by fire. The same music of* Bach Chorale *is heard again.*)

MARTIN (*who goes and looks out of the window while* Stepanvitch *drinks*): Have another glass.

STEPANVITCH: Are you expecting anyone?

MARTIN: Am I expecting anyone? Well, now, I'm ashamed to tell you. It isn't that I really expect anyone; but I heard something last night which I can't get out of my mind. Whether it was a vision, or a dream, or only a fancy, I can't tell. You see, friend, last night I was reading the Gospel about Christ the Lord, how he suffered, and how he walked on earth. You have heard tell of it, I dare say.

STEPANVITCH: I have heard tell of it, but I'm an ignorant man and not able to read.

MARTIN: Well, you see I was reading of how he walked on earth. I came to that part, you know, where he went to a Pharisee who did not receive him well. Well, friend, as I read about it, I thought how that man did not receive Christ the Lord with proper honor. Suppose such a thing could happen to such a man as myself, I thought, what would I not do to receive him! But that man gave him no reception at all. Well, friend, as I was thinking of this, I began to doze, and as I dozed I heard someone call me by name. I got up and thought I heard someone whispering, "Expect me; I will come tomorrow." This happened twice over. And

to tell you the truth, it sank so into my mind that, though I am ashamed of it myself, I keep on expecting him, the dear Lord! (*Refilling* Stepanvitch's *glass.*) Here, drink another glass, bless you. (*Pause.*) And I was thinking too, how he walked on earth and despised no one but went mostly among common folk. He went with plain people and chose his disciples from among the likes of us, from workmen like us, sinners that we are. "He who raises himself," he said, "shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be raised." "You call me Lord," he said, "let him be the servant of all; because," he said, "blessed are the poor, the humble, the meek and the merciful."

STEPANVITCH (*bows his head, deeply moved; then rises from the table preparing to go*): Thank you, Martin Andrevitch, you have given me comfort both for soul and body.

MARTIN: You're very welcome. Come again another time. I am glad to have a guest.

(Stepanvitch *goes out.* Martin *puts the tea things away nearby on the table, goes back to his bench and starts to work. The sound of wooden shoes is heard.*)

MARTIN: Wooden shoes. Whose can those be? (*They stop.* Martin *stoops to look.*) Oh, it's that poor woman with a little baby. Such thin clothes!

She'll freeze, if she stands still in this weather.

(Martin *jumps up, and rushes to the door.*)

MARTIN: My dear, I say. My dear. Why do you stand out there with the child in the cold? Come inside. You can wrap him up better in a warm place. Come this way. (*The* Woman *with her baby comes in the door wonderingly, as* Martin *holds it open.*) There, sit down, my dear, near the fire and warm yourself.

(Martin *spreads a cloth on the table, brings a bowl and pours soup from the kettle on the fire.*)

MARTIN: Sit down and eat, my dear. I'll mind the baby. (*Takes baby from* Woman's *arms and puts him on the cot.*) Why, bless me, I've had children of my own, I know how to manage them. Tell me your trouble, my dear.

(*The same music is heard again.*)

WOMAN (*sipping soup*): I am a soldier's wife. They sent my husband somewhere, far away, eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. For months now I have been struggling, unable to find work. Now I am on my way to a tradesman's wife to work, but it is far, and I am fagged, and the child quite starved, poor mite.

MARTIN (*sighing*): Haven't you any warmer clothing?

WOMAN: How could I get warm clothing? Why, I pawned my last shawl for sixpence for food yesterday.

(Martin *goes to the wall and takes down from among some things hanging there an old cloak.*)

MARTIN: Here, though it's a worn-out old thing, it will do to wrap him in.

(Martin *wraps it around the* Woman *and the baby. Same music of* Bach Chorale is *heard.*)

WOMAN (*deeply touched*): The Lord bless you, friend. Surely Christ must have sent me to your window, else the child would have frozen. It was mild when I started, but now see how cold it has turned. Surely it must have been Christ who made you look out of your window and take pity on me; poor wretch!

MARTIN: It is quite true, it was he made me do it. It was no mere chance made me look out my window. (Woman *looks at him wonderingly.*) Let me tell thee, woman; last night I was thinking of Christ and how a certain man did not receive him with honor and I myself thought suppose Christ should come to me, what would I not do to receive him. Well, friend, as I was thinking this I heard some

one call me by name, and when I answered the voice said, "Expect me, I will come tomorrow."

WOMAN: Who knows? All things are possible.

(*The* Woman *rises, takes the baby wrapped up in the worn cloak of* Martin's, *takes* Martin's *hand gently.*)

WOMAN: The Lord bless you and keep you.

MARTIN (*taking a coin from pocket in his blouse*): Take this for Christ's sake.

(*The* Woman *takes it, wipes tears from her eyes with her shawl.*)

WOMAN: In Christ's name I take it, Martin Andrevitch.

(Woman *and child go out,* Martin *waving to them from the door. As he stands waving at the open door an* Old Woman *with a basket of apples on her shoulder comes by. Just as she reaches* Martin's *doorstep she pauses, takes the heavy basket down and putting it on the step rubs her hands and shivers with the cold.* Martin *watching her sees a small boy steal up, snatch an apple from her basket and try to slip away; but the old woman notices it and catches the boy by the sleeve. The boy screams, the* Old Woman *scolds, and* Martin *rushes from the door.* [*All this must be visible*

to the congregation.] *The boy seeing the open door runs in, the* Old Woman *holding to the boy's arm, trying to slap him.*)

THE BOY: What are you beating me for? I did not take the apple. Let me go.

MARTIN (*separates the boy and woman, and holds the boy by the hand*): Let him go, Granny. Forgive him for Christ's sake.

GRANNY: I'll pay him so he won't forget for a year.

MARTIN: Let him go, Granny. He won't do it again. (*The* Old Woman *reluctantly lets the boy go, but* Martin *still holds him by the hand.*) Now ask the Granny's forgiveness! And don't do it another time. I saw you take the apple.

THE BOY (*crying*): Forgive me, Granny, I won't do it again.

MARTIN: God bids us forgive every one and a thoughtless youngster most of all.

GRANNY (*shaking her head and sighing*): It's true enough, but they are getting terribly spoilt.

MARTIN: Then we old ones must show them better ways.

GRANNY: Of course it *was* only his childishness—God help him.

(*The* Old Woman *picks up her basket preparing to go on her way, when the* Boy *springs forward from beside* Martin *and takes the heavy basket from her.*)

THE BOY: Let me carry it for you, Granny, I'm going your way.

(*The same strain of music is heard.* Granny *smiles, pats the boy on the shoulder, and they go off happily together.* Martin, *smiling, watches them go, then comes in, sees the light has faded, the room growing dark.* A lamplighter *passes by the window, stops to light a street lamp which is in sight of* Martin's *window.*)

MARTIN: Seems it's time to light up.

(*Bells ring gently as if from a distant church.* Martin *lights the candles, picks up his tools on the bench by the window, puts them in order, then goes back to the table, takes the* Gospels *in his hands, sits on the stool under the light.*)

MARTIN (*quietly and happily*): Glory to thee, glory to thee, O Lord! Thy will be done.

(Martin *turns over the pages, opens at a certain place and begins to read. He moves lips at first with no sound then reads aloud with increasing exaltation of spirit.*)

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the

kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.

(Martin *pauses, looking thoughtfully off into the congregation, the same strains of music are heard.* Martin *continues reading.*)

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick or in prison and came unto thee?"

And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(*The music of* Bach Chorale *is heard more clearly.*)

MARTIN (*says over softly and slowly*) : Lord, when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee?

VOICE (*whispers*): Martin—don't you know me?

(*The same strains of music are heard.*)

(Martin *looks about the room wonderingly, the door opens, figures come in, he catches sight of figures near the door, and shading his eyes with his right hand peers at them. The* Woman *and baby,* Stepanvitch, Apple Woman *and* Boy *are visible in a dim light. As* Martin *sees them, a bright light from above falls on them momentarily.*)

VOICE (*whispering*): Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

MARTIN (*in ecstacy, raises his hands to heaven and says aloud*): Glory to thee, Glory to thee, O Lord!

(*Tableau remains.*)

Congregation says in unison slowly and reverently the following lines from "The Imitation of Christ," *by* Thomas à Kempis:

"Love is a great matter, in very truth a great good; which alone maketh everything that is heavy, light; and beareth equally unequal burdens. The noble love of Jesus inforceth man to great things, and stirreth him up to desire always the most perfect. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing fuller nor better

in heaven or in earth; for that love hath his beginning from God, and cannot rest but in God above all creatures."

CURTAINS DRAWN

CLOSING HYMN SUNG BY CONGREGATION:

We Praise the Lord

Russian *Alexis von Goof*

We praise Thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray,
We praise Thee with the glowing light of day;
All things that live and move by sea and land
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day
Glory to Him the mighty God for aye,
By whom, through whom all beings are!
Grant us to echo o'er the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well,
Guard us, redeem us, in the evil hour
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power.

I. Frank

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTATION

The Pilgrim *wears a rough brown robe and cowl, with rope about his waist, a book under his arm and staff in his hand. The other men characters wear the*

long loose trousers with Russian smocks; shoes as described in text. The women short, full heavy skirts, shawls, or capes. The boy full trousers tucked into high rough boots, smock, and short full cape of heavy material and Russian bonnet-shaped hat. Stepanvitch *has loose trousers tucked into high rough boots, an old army cape, and an old Russian soldier's hat of fur.*

If it is impossible to arrange for the lighting effects of the final tableau, it is suggested that Stepanvitch *at one end of the group, and the* boy *at the other, hold each a long church candle lighted, so that it shines on all their faces.*

Armistice Day Service

ADAPTED FROM ISAIAH

CHARACTERS

A Watchman

A Voice of Prophecy

Babylon

Assyria

Philistia

Moab

Syria

Ethiopia

Egypt

Tyre

The Elders (5)

Chorus of Voices East (unseen)

Chorus of Voices West (unseen)

The Celestial Host (7)

Zion—the Holy City of the Lord

Opening Service

Hymn for congregation:

Jerusalem the Golden

Tune: Ewing

Jerusalem the golden
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David
And there from care released
The shout of them that triumph
The song of them that feast:
And they who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

PRAYER SAID BY MINISTER AND CONGREGATION:

"O thou whose eye is over all the children of men, and who hast called them by the Prince of Peace into a Kingdom not of this world; send forth his spirit into the dark places. Let it still the noise of our strife and the tumult of the people: and more and more increase the pure in heart who see their God."

(*The whole church should be dimly lighted so that the increasing brightness as the service develops will be more impressive. At back of chancel against a sapphire blue curtain of soft rich material a veiled figure in white is lying as if in sleep. This figure should take its place before the service begins, and the light here should be even less so that all is very indistinct. As the opening hymn is being sung* The Celestial Host *come in at a side chancel door, led by the* Angel *holding a long golden trumpet to her lips. They move very slowly, with solemnity and reverence. Six take their places, three on each side of the sleeping figure. The* Angel *with the trumpet stands a little apart, and nearer the pulpit. She keeps her trumpet to her lips until the hymn ends.*

The Watchman *comes into the church by another side door during the hymn and takes*

his place in the pulpit. He stands erect, reverent, his spear in his hand. As the prayer ends, there is the sound of distant trumpets, muffled drums, tramping of feet. Deep organ notes for the drums.)

The Watchman (*looking off in various directions, peering through the darkness, speaks excitedly*):

A voice of tumult from the city!
A voice from the temple!
A voice of the Lord that rendereth recompense to his enemies!

(*The distant sounds continue—draw nearer, few clear notes of trumpets—deep chords on organ. A figure is seen moving rapidly down the center aisle, as if coming from a distance—a figure clad in rough desert garments—as he approaches the watch tower he cries in vibrant tones.*)

The Voice of Prophecy:

The noise of a multitude in the mountains,
Like as of a great people!
The noise of a tumult,
Of the Kingdoms of the nations gathered together.

(*The doomed nations appear coming down side aisle, huddled together, blowing their*

trumpets as if summoning help that does not come. Drums are sounded louder, though still in the distance as of a pursuing army. The nations lower their trumpets, start wildly, and as the sound of drums continue, their actions and faces show increasing consternation. Drums stop abruptly.)

THE VOICE OF PROPHECY (*reaches his hand out toward them*):

Oh the uproar of many peoples which roar like the roaring of the seas.
And the rushing of nations,
That rush like the rushing of mighty waters.
The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters,
But he shall rebuke them and they shall flee afar off,
And shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind,
And like the whirling dust before the storm.

(*The doomed nations cower together at front of church, on the side opposite the pulpit, at the side of the gates as it were opposite the tower, their trumpets and drums still.*)

THE VOICE OF PROPHECY (*with his hand raised above the nations, and in a voice of power*): Thus saith

the Lord that created the heavens: I the Lord speak righteousness, I declare things that are right. Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations; they have no knowledge that carry the word of their graven image and pray unto a god that cannot save. There is no God beside me; a just God and a savior. Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth; only in the Lord shall one say unto me, is righteousness and strength; even to him shall men come, and all they that were incensed against him shall be ashamed.

(*The assembled nations press together and bow their heads further in shame. One figure,* Babylon *moves out defiantly from the others, more erect, exhibiting little humiliation, quite gloriously apparelled.*)

The Watchman (*looking at the outstanding figure of* Babylon *asks in astonishment*):

Who is this that cometh?
This that is glorious in his apparel
Marching in the greatness of his strength?

The Voice of Prophecy (*in accents of condemnation*):

And Babylon
The glory of kingdoms,

The beauty of the Chaldeans pride,
Shall be as when God overthrew Sodon and Gamorrah,
It shall never be inhabited,
Neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation;
Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there;
Neither shall shepherds make their flocks to lie down there!

(*As the words of doom begin a light shines on* Babylon, *which gradually dims, until as the last words of condemnation fall upon her, she is bowed in shame and walks in the dim light hurriedly across the front of chancel, as it were in front of the closed gates, kneeling down against the pulpit in the wall under the watchman's tower.*)

WATCHMAN (*in horror*):

Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out from thence!
Babylon is fallen, is fallen,
And all the graven images of her gods
Are fallen unto the ground.

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*doom of* Assyria. *While the voice is speaking* Assyria *moves out in terror from the other nations and stands appalled a moment*): I will break the Assyrian in my land, and upon my mountains tread him under foot. (Assyria *looks back in terror at the nations behind her, then moves*

toward Babylon. *The* Voice of Prophecy *continues.*) Then shall his yoke depart from off their shoulder. (Assyria *sinks on her knees and covers her face.*) For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, who shall disannul it? and his hand is stretched out and who shall turn back?

Watchman (*looking down in dismay upon* Assyria): Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast labored from thy youth. Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels; let now the astrologers, the stargazers stand up, and save thee from the things that shall come upon thee. Behold they shall be as stubble; the fire shall burn them; they shall not deliver thee from the power of the flame!

Voice of Prophecy (*doom of* Philistia. Philistia *moves out proudly*): Rejoice not, O Philistia, all of thee! Howl O gale, cry O city! (*She shrinks suddenly and veils her face.*) Thou art melted away O Philistia all of thee! (*She slowly joins the others.*)

Watchman (*looking in distress upon them*):

How hath the oppressor ceased!
The golden city ceased!
The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked
The sceptre of the rulers.

Voice of Prophecy (*doom of* Moab. Moab *bent in*

shame tries to creep over unobserved to the side of Babylon, Assyria *and* Philistia *and cowers there*): For in a night Ar of Moab is laid waste and brought to naught! (Moab *hears the voice and looks back and puts her hands to her ears.*) For in a night Ar of Moab is laid waste and brought to naught! (Moab *sinks coweringly by the side of* Philistia.)

WATCHMAN (*shaking his head disconsolately*):

We have heard of the pride of Moab that he is very proud;
Even of his arrogancy and his pride and his wrath;
His boastings are naught!

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*doom of* Syria. Syria *steps out in response to his call, as though a spell were laid on her*): Syria! Syria! Behold Damascus is taken away from being a city and it shall be a ruinous heap. (*She wrings her hands.*) For thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength! (Syria *goes over with her hands before her face and kneels.*)

WATCHMAN (*despairingly*): Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well!

(*Only* Ethiopia, Tyre *and* Egypt *are left huddled together drawing their veils, awaiting their inevitable dooms. During the following*

speech Ethiopia *moves brokenly and slowly like a figure in relief against the wall over to her fallen sisters, feeling her way blindly, a rhythmic poetic figure.*)

VOICE OF PROPHECY:

Ethiopia! Ah the land of the rustling of wings,
Which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia,
That sendeth ambassadors by the sea
Even in vessels of papyrus upon the waters!
They shall be left together unto the ravenous birds of the mountains and to the beasts of the earth, and the ravenous birds shall summer upon them, and all the beasts of the earth shall winter upon them!

(Ethiopia *sinks down beside her sister nations.*)

WATCHMAN (*sorrowfully*):

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee,
They shall consider thee;
"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
That did shake kingdoms;
That made the world as a wilderness and overthrew the cities thereof?"

VOICE OF PROPHECY: Behold the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud and cometh unto Egypt (Egypt *with her idol held close to her starts and draws away from* Tyre) and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence (*she lets her idol fall to the ground*) and the heart of Egypt melt in the midst of it!

(Egypt *looks over to her sisters; they turn away from her and she goes slowly and piteously toward them, her hands outstretched in pleading until she kneels beside them leaning her head against* Ethiopia's *averted head.*)

WATCHMAN (*wonderingly and sadly*): Where then are thy wise men? and let them tell thee now; and let them know what the Lord of Hosts hath purposed concerning Egypt.

(Egypt *looks up at the* Watchman *appealingly and then lets her head sink again against* Ethiopia.)

(Tyre *stands alone now with a scarlet scarf about her. As the ill tidings fall upon her the scarf slips to her feet, she picks it up with the dull gray lining outside and veils her head in it. She then goes desolate to join the others.*)

VOICE OF PROPHECY:

The doom of Tyre!
Howl ye ships of Tarshish
For it is laid waste,
So that there is no house,
No one entering in—
From the land of Kittun it is revealed to them!

WATCHMAN (*slowly and in sorrow*):

Is this your joyous city,
Whose antiquity is of ancient days,
Whose feet carried her afar off to sojourn?

(*All the doomed nations are bowed together with their trumpets fallen at their sides, many with veils drawn across their faces.*)

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*in a slow impressive earnestness*): Behold the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof!

THE WATCHMAN (*clasping his hands in utmost woe, and gazing into the darkness*): In the city is left desolation and the gate is smitten with destruction!

(*Silence.* Voice of Prophecy *and* Watchman *stand bowed in despair. Suddenly a triumphant chorus of voices is heard from the left of the scene.*)

CHORUS OF VOICES: For the majesty of the Lord!

THE WATCHMAN (*raising his head in wondering amazement*): Voices from the West!

(*Another chorus of voices is heard from the right of the scene.*)

CHORUS OF VOICES: Wherefore glorify ye the Lord in the east!

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*in wonder*): Voices from the East!

BOTH CHORUSES OF VOICES: Even the name of the Lord, the God of Israel in the Isles of the sea!

(*The* doomed nations *raise their heads and startled, listen.*)

(*Together in a chant of utter despair*):

TWO NATIONS: From the uttermost parts of the earth have we heard songs;

FOUR NATIONS: Glory to the righteous!

BABYLON: But I said, I pine away, I pine away.

ALL TOGETHER: Woe is me!

(*As the* Voice of Prophecy *speaks the following lines of appeal to repentance, a light begins to glow at the back of chancel; growing in intensity until finally at close of the words of the* Voice of Prophecy *a glorious light shines upon the figures. The side figures rise slowly revealing themselves to be* The Celestial Host. *They are clad in soft blue draperies, a shade lighter than the background, with silver wings and each a silver branch in one hand. The central figure remains asleep.*)

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*slowly and gently*):

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near,
Let the wicked forsake his way
And the unrighteous man his thoughts.
And let him return to the Lord
And he will have mercy upon him
And to our God,
For he will abundantly pardon.

THE CELESTIAL HOST (*in a triumphant outburst of song*):

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts,

The fulness of the whole earth is his glory!

(*The* Prophet *and* Watchman *turn in wonder and amazement, facing the vision of* The Celestial Host *in the glory of light.*)

Voice of Prophecy (*exultantly*): For the windows on high are opened and the foundations of the earth do shake.

The Watchman (*joyously*): For the Lord of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion; (*then looking toward front of scene and off at one side he sees the* Elders *approach*) and lo! before his Elders shall be glory!

(*The* Elders *enter in the glorious apparel of* Elders of Israel. *They give in plain song the following lines as they approach the closed gates.*)

The Elders:

O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee;
I will praise thy name;
For thou hast done wonderful things
Even counsels of old in faithfulness and truth.

(*All stand looking toward the vision. The figure of* Zion *still sleeps.*)

Voice of Prophecy (*exultantly*): And in this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all peoples a feast; (*the nations hearken and stir*) and he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering that is cast over all peoples, and the veil that is spread over all nations.

(*The nations throw back their veils in hope, they rise from their knees, they stand in eager attention. Their backs are toward the wall and they still see no vision.*)

THE CELESTIAL HOSTS (*in plain song*):

O Lord, thou art my God; I will exalt thee;
I will praise thy name;
For thou hast done wonderful things,
Even counsels of old in faithfulness and truth.

ONE ELDER (*lifting his hands toward* The Vision):

Lo, this is our God.
We have waited for Him
And he will save us.
This is the Lord,
We have waited for Him
We will be glad and rejoice in his salvation!

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*addressing the nations who stand in perplexed wonder changing gradually to hope during the speech*):

Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted,
Behold I will set thy stones in fair colors
And lay thy foundations with sapphires.
All thy children shall be taught of the Lord
And great shall be the peace of thy children.
In righteousness shalt thou be established.

(*As the* Celestial Host *sings the following, the figure of* Zion, *the* Holy City of the Lord, *moves, rouses, half rises.*)

The Celestial Host:

Drop down, ye heavens from above,
And let the skies pour down righteousness,
Let the earth open, that they may bring forth salvation,
And let her cause righteousness to spring up together.

(*There is decided excitement visible among the* Doomed Nations, *as the song ends*—Tyre *steps apart from the others and reaching out her hands toward heaven speaks as if implor-ingly for them.*)

Tyre:

Strengthen ye the weak hands, O Lord,
And confirm the feeble knees;
Say to them that are of a fearful heart
Be strong, fear not;

(*Turning toward her sisters for a moment and then looking upward again*)

Behold your God will come with vengeance,
With the recompense of God he will come and save you.

(*Looks back at nations.*)

The Watchman (*addressing the nations*): Gather yourselves together all ye nations and let the people be assembled, let them bring their witnesses that they may be justified, or let them hear and say, it is the truth.

ONE ELDER (*as he speaks* Zion *moves more, lifting her head slightly*): Thou hast increased the nation, O Lord, thou hast increased the nation; thou art glorified; thou hast enlarged all the borders of the land.

THE CELESTIAL HOSTS (*in plain song; as they sing* Zion *rises to her full height in all the glory of her beauty and light*):

Arise, shine; for thy light is come
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
Nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.
Lift up thine eyes round about and see:
They gather themselves together, they come to thee.
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be carried in arms,
And they shall call thee the City of the Lord,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

(*Music like pealing trumpets as the angel with the trumpet puts it to her lips. A pause while* Zion *stands in the fulness of her strength.*)

ZION (*very impressively, dramatically*): I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.

(*The* Doomed Nations, *in antiphonal form, imploringly, they have heard the words of* Zion *but still cannot see* The Vision):

Four Nations: Lord thou wilt ordain peace for us;

Four Others: For thou hast also wrought all our works for us;

First Four: Oh Lord,

Second Four: Our God,

All Together: Other lords beside thee have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name.

(*The figure among the* Celestial Hosts *which has the trumpet places it again to her lips, a great clear trumpet call is heard. The* Doomed Nations *for the first time turn and face* The Vision *and stand transfixed with joy.*)

Voice of Prophecy:

The people that walked in darkness
Have seen a great light,
They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death,
Upon them hath the light shined!

Watchman (*exultantly, opening the gates to the nations of the world*):

Go through, go through the gates,
Prepare ye the way of the people,
Cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones,
Lift up an ensign for the peoples.

(*The* Prophet *stands at one side of the chancel steps, the* Elders *lead up the steps, the* Nations *follow. They all stand gazing in unlifted joy at the whole and complete vision.*)

ZION (*reaching out her hands to the assembled peoples*) : I came to gather all nations and tongues; and they shall see my glory!

THE WATCHMAN (*leaning excitedly from his tower*) :
Thy gates also shall be open continually
They shall not be shut day or night!

VOICE OF PROPHECY (*addressing the Nations*) : And it shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established at the head of the mountain and shall be exalted above the hills—and all nations shall flow into it. And he shall judge between the nations and shall reprove many peoples—and they shall beat their swords into plough shares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

THE CELESTIAL HOST (*impressively in plain song*) :
I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God.
For as the earth bringeth forth her bud
And as the garden causeth the things that are sown to spring forth,
So the Lord God will cause righteousness and peace to spring forth before all nations!

(*The tableau remains, of the vision on high above the assembled nations, the* Elders, *the* Voice of the Prophecy, *with the* Watchman

on the tower A trumpet call, a low answering drum roll—perfect quiet for a moment.)

Closing hymn sung by the congregation:

The New Jerusalem

Arthur Seymour Sullivan

I saw the city of the Lord,
  Eternal its foundation,
On high its gleaming turrets soared
  The joy of every nation;
Foursquare to all the lands it stood
  And through its portals wending
The true, the brave, the wise, the good,
  Flowed on, a stream unending.
I saw the city from afar,
  A city of salvation,
And still it shineth like a star
  To every generation;
And I, a pilgrim too, would press
  Where God the host is guiding
To reach the gates of righteousness
  A citizen abiding.

William George Tarrant

Benediction

(*The Characters remain in reverent position while the congregation is asked to leave the church in silence.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTATION

(*If given outside the sanctuary*)

The quiet deserted space without the walls of a city in the early night time. A watch tower rising from above the gates of the wall leading into the city. The gates are closed and a watchman stands in the Tower in oriental costume. "He is presented as taking his post on the outskirts of the Holyland peering over the eastern wilderness into the darkness of the future." The whole scene is in a dull light but behind the wall it is much darker so that the outline of things is quite indistinct. Back there raised so as to be visible above the gates. against a deep blue background is a veiled figure of a woman in white lying as if in sleep. On either side of this figure, which is to represent* Zion, the Holy City of the Lord, *are figures hardly distinguishable from the background, bowed and immovable. These figures are placed in varying heights one above the other so that in the final brightness they may appear more truly as* The Celestial Host. *In imagination this is the scene. If a group wished to present the service in a more dramatic setting it should use the following outline:*

The Watchman *is costumed according to sketch in the* Appendix. *The* Voice of Prophecy *is represented by a roughly clad desert figure in dull browns, with a deep red headdress such as the shepherds wear; rough*

* Professor Moulton in *Isaiah* of his "Modern Reader's Bible."

sandals on his feet. The Nations *wear softly draped tunics held at the waist by cords; scarfs falling from their heads backward, long, and soft-sandals. Colors as follows:*

Assyria; *gray blue tunic; deep blue cord; deep blue veil; carries a trumpet.*

Babylon; *flame red tunic; gold girdle; gold colored veil; carries a trumpet.*

Philistia; *dark green tunic; lighter green veil; gold cord; carries a trumpet.*

Moab; *clear yellow tunic; buff colored veil and cord; carries nothing.*

Syria; *deep purple tunic; lighter shade veil and cord; carries nothing.*

Ethopia; *brilliant sapphire blue tunic; while veil and girdle; carries a trumpet.*

Egypt; *white tunic; gold cord; white veil embroidered in gold; carries a little figure of idol.*

Tyre; *gray tunic; scarlet scarf lined with gray; scarlet girdle; carries nothing.*

Dramatic Service of Worship for December

The Nativity

CHARACTERS

The Watchman	Isaiah
The Prophets	Angels (2)
Jeremiah	Mary
Joel	Joseph
Amos	Shepherds (3)
Haggai	Kings (3)
Hosea	Jeannette
Malachi	Isabella

Group of Village Folk

A Voice from Organ Loft

The Voice of the Angel

It is possible to have fewer prophets and no group of Village Folk, if the numbers in the church school make the choice of fewer characters in action advisable.

Processional Hymn

(*The church school may come into the church in a body during the singing of the hymn.*)

Joy to the World!

Antioch, C. M. *Georg Friedrich Händel*

Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her king;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! The Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite

From the *Oratorio Samson* *Georg Frederick Handel*

(*Sung by the choir.*)

Let their celestial concerts all unite
Ever to sound His praise in endless morn of light.

(*As the Choir sings, the* Watchman *comes in at the door near the chancel and takes his place in the pulpit. He stands with his tall spear in his hand looking down into the congregation. The Choir's song of praise ends.*)

THE WATCHMAN:

"O Lord I stand continually upon the watch tower
in the day time
And am set in my ward whole night."

VOICE FROM ORGAN LOFT CALLS:

"Watchman, what of the night?
Watchman, what of the night?"

WATCHMAN:

"The morning Cometh
And also the night,
If ye will enquire, enquire ye
Come ye again."

VOICE FROM ORGAN LOFT (*in clear tones*): I set watchmen over you, saying hearken to the sound of the trumpet.

(*A soft but clear trumpet call from behind the* Watchman. *This is blown by one of the two* Angels, *still unseen behind the curtains at the back of chancel. As the trumpets sound the six* Prophets *start down the side aisles from the back of the church toward the chancel. Three,* Jeremiah, Joel, *and* Amos *down one side aisle,* Haggai, Hosea *and* Malachi *down the other. The* Watchman *looks down in close attention upon the approaching figures. As they reach the middle of the church the* Watchman *speaks.*)

Watchman: Behold, here cometh a troop of men. They come from a far country.

(*The* Prophets *walk slowly, in great dignity and the organ plays* The Interlude of The Shepherds *from the Oratorio* The Messiah. *The* Prophets *stand each three on opposite sides of the pulpit. The music ends and* Jeremiah *turning toward the congregation speaks.*)

Jeremiah: The word came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Stand in the gate of the Lord's house and proclaim his word and say, Hear the word of the Lord all ye that enter in at these gates to worship the Lord. Say unto the King and to the Queen, Humble yourselves, get down, for your principalities shall come down even the crown of your glory.

WATCHMAN: Cry aloud, spare not! Lift up thy voice like a trumpet!

JEREMIAH: It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

(*Pauses, then raises his arms and earnestly appeals to the people.*)

Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens!

WATCHMAN: My soul shall cry unto me, my God we know thee!

JOEL (*the* Prophet Joel *steps a little nearer the pulpit as* Jeremiah *steps back*): The word of the Lord that came to Joel, the son of Pethnel: Hear this ye old men and give ear all ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this been in your day, or even in the day of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children and their children another generation!

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion and sound an alarm in my holy mountain for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand!

WATCHMAN (*excitedly*): Behold the day of the Lord cometh!

AMOS (*as* Joel *steps back* Amos, *is left standing alone. He speaks to the people in the same prophetic appeal*): The words of Amos who was among the

herdsmen of Tekoa: Lo, he that formeth the mountains and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought; that maketh the morning darkness and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The Lord of Hosts is his name; The Lord of Hosts is his name!

WATCHMAN: Cry aloud the glory of the Lord!

(Jeremiah, Joel *and* Amos *withdraw slowly walking backwards, gradually drawing their mantles over their faces. They withdraw to the side of the church where they have been standing until they are quite against the wall and there they remain motionless, their mantles over their faces as if their days of prophecy were past. The* Three Prophets *on the other side of the pulpit begin their prophetic announcements, each directing his words with forceful meaning to the congregation.*)

HAGGAI: Then spake Haggai, the Lord's messenger, with the Lord's message unto the people saying, I am with you! In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord!

WATCHMAN (*looking in wonder upon the prophets*): Stay yourselves and wonder. Cry out in astonishment!

HOSEA (*in solemn thoughtfulness*): The word of the Lord that came unto Hosea the son of Beeri:

Come and let us return unto the Lord; and so shall we live in his sight.
And let us know, Let us follow on to know the Lord.
Who is wise that he may understand these things?
Prudent that he may know?
For the ways of the Lord are right
And the just shall walk in them.

(*The* Watchman *listens with increasing attention and excitement.*)

WATCHMAN (*exultantly to the people*): Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope!

(Haggai *and* Hosea *are slowly withdrawing, walking backwards as the other prophets did while* Malachi *speaks as if under the spell of a great prophecy, and with his arm pointing up the center aisle toward the back of the church.*)

MALACHI: The burden of the word of the Lord to Israel by Malachi: I have loved you, saith the Lord; Behold I send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me. Behold he shall come! Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings!

(*As* Malachi *speaks in a clear resounding voice* Isaiah *is seen coming down the center*

aisle, walking slowly in great dignity. As Malachi *finishes his triumphant prophecy* Isaiah *cries out in a strong, quiet voice while walking forward to the pulpit.*)

ISAIAH (*as he walks toward the* Watchman):

"Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord.
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low
And the crooked shall be made straight
And the rough places plain;
And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together;
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

WATCHMAN:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
That bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,
That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth Thanksgiving
That saith unto Zion, Thy God Reigneth!"

(Isaiah *has now reached the foot of the pulpit steps. He turns toward the congregation.*)

ISAIAH: The vision of Isaiah the son of Amos: The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord; to give unto the people a garland for ashes, the ail of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

(*Chorus of voices from the organ loft repeating the refrain from opening hymn.*)

"Ever to sound his praise in endless morn of light."

(*As* Isaiah *begins the following words of prophecy* Malachi *walks slowly backward, joining* Haggai *and* Hosea, *and these three prophets stand motionless against their side wall of the church with mantles across their faces, corresponding to the three prophets on opposite side.*)

ISAIAH (*in exaltation of mood*):

"The people that walked in darkness
Have seen a great light,
They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death
Upon them hath the light shined."

(*A light has been increasing in brightness back of the* Watchman *in the pulpit, until the congregation can see in perfect glory and light two angels one on each side of rich soft curtains. The angels correspond to* Fra Angelica *angels, each with a long golden trumpet to his lips, the other hand holding the curtains ready to draw them slowly aside. As* Isaiah *speaks the final glorious culmination of his prophecy, he walks slowly back to join the other prophets on the side of* Malachi. *As he finishes his words the curtains are drawn by the angels,*

and the vision of the Madonna and Child *is seen. A rude manger with the kneeling figure of* Mary *beside it in adoration.* Joseph *standing behind* Mary. Isaiah *stands with face covered by his mantle with the other prophets suggesting that to him too, the glorious prophecy was but a vision never revealed to actual sight.*)

Isaiah (*walking slowly backward to join the others, who lived by faith, not sight*):

"For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
And the government shall be upon his shoulder;
And his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor,
Mighty God, Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace."

(*The* Watchman *turns and sees the vision of the* Holy Mother and Child. *He starts in wonder, shading his eyes with his hand as if blinded by the glory. Then the voice in the choir starts its song of question to the* Watchman, *and he replies not in song, but in clear rhythmic tones, his answer.*)

Just as the Voice *sings its last refrain of "Watchman let thy wanderings cease, Hie thee to thy quiet home" the* Watchman *starts*

down the pulpit steps and makes his last answer. Words and tune from following hymn:

Watchman, what of the Night?

THE VOICE IN THE ORGAN LOFT SINGS:

Watchman tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.

WATCHMAN ANSWERS IN A CLEAR VOICE (*not singing*):

Traveller o'er yon mountains height
See that glory bedimming star.

THE VOICE IN THE ORGAN LOFT:

Watchman, doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?

WATCHMAN ANSWERS IN CLEAR VOICE:

Traveller, yes, it brings the day
Promised day of Israel.

THE VOICE IN THE ORGAN LOFT:

Watchman, tell us of the night
For the morning seems to dawn.

THE WATCHMAN ANSWERS:

Traveller darkness takes its flight
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

THE VOICE IN THE ORGAN LOFT:

Watchman let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.

THE WATCHMAN ANSWERS:

Traveller lo! the Prince of Peace
Lo! the Son of God is come!

(*The* Watchman *stands apart from the central tableau now, nearer the* Prophets, *and remains motionless, leaning on his spear as if he had fulfilled his duty.*)

(Three Shepherds *start down right side aisle.*)

Children in Congregation (*on one side of church say*):

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night.

(*As they speak* Three Shepherds *are seen walking slowly and wonderingly down the right side aisle.*)

Children (*on opposite side of church say*):

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid.

(*As the angel song starts the* Shepherds *stop, as if in fear, holding their arms before their faces. They should be halfway down the aisle. Voice of an unseen angel.*)

Voice in Choir sings:

"Fear not for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and all people, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a savior

who is Christ the Lord and this shall be a sign unto you—you shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

CHOIR CHORUS (*joyfully*): (*The Angel's Song,* G. B. Pergolesi. *Music,* Vincent Novello. Home and Community Song Book—Concord Series.)

"Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will to men."

(The Shepherds *look at each other in great wonder and joy.*)

ONE SHEPHERD:

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

(The Shepherds *proceed down the aisle toward the tableau of* Christ Child *and* Mother. *Down the left side aisle from back of church start the* Three Kings *in their gorgeous robes, carrying their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. As they appear the organ starts the hymn* "We three Kings of Orient Are" *and the congregation sing the following verses as the* Kings *proceed grandly on their way toward the tableau.*)

We Three Kings of Orient Are

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the Heav'ns replies.

Chorus:

O Star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

(*As the two verses end both the* Shepherds *and* Kings *have reached the chancel and complete the tableau of* The Nativity. The Shepherds *are grouped on one side of the manger, the one in front kneeling, the other two standing with their shepherd staffs. The* Kings *kneel on the other side holding out their gifts toward the* Mother and Child.)

CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION (*on one side of church say*):

"And lo, the star, which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where

the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

(Shepherds *and* Wise Men *in tableau.*)

CHILDREN (*on opposite side of church say* St. Matthew, Chap. 2):

"And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his Mother and fell down and worshipped him.

And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh."

(*The organ starts the joyous old music of* "Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella," *and as the congregation and choir sing the following verses* Jeannette *and* Isabella *start down the center aisle with their torches, followed by the group of village folk.* Old French Carol, *attributed to* Saboly; English version *by* E. Cuthbert Nunn.)

"Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!
Bring a torch, to the cradle run!
It is Jesus, good folk of the village
Christ is born and Mary's calling.

Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the Mother;
Ah! Ah! Beautiful is the Child!
(*Very softly.*)
It is wrong when the child is sleeping
It is wrong to talk so loud;
Silence, all as you gather around
Lest your noise should waken Jesus;
Hush! Hush! See how fast he slumbers,
Hush! Hush! See how fast He sleeps.

(*The group is now around the manger*—Jeannette *on the side of the shepherds with her torch and part of the village folk,* Isabella *with her torch and the rest of the folk on the side of the* Kings.)

(*A pause while the organ starts very softly* "Adeste Fidelis." *The music grows louder until it bursts out into a glorious full tone and the choir and congregation sing the closing hymn,* "Adeste Fidelis." *At the beginning of the fourth verse, the* Angels *draw the curtains together slowly, the village folk with* Jeannette *and* Isabella, *with their torches, lead the* Shepherds *and* Kings *out through the chancel doors, the* Prophets *and* Watchman *preceding them. The* Angels *remain each at one side of the curtain immovable with their trumpets to their lips in the light, until the congregation leaves the church.*)

O, Come, All Ye Faithful

Adeste Fidelis — *J. Reading*

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to His cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Lo, star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer Him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exaltation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the Highest:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Rev. F. Oakeley

Benediction

The congregation is asked to leave the church in silence.

Suggestions for Presentation

The tableau of the manger scene should be arranged behind the curtains before the service begins. The two angels should also be in position, and this part of the chancel should be in as dim light as possible. This manger scene can be arranged according to the facilities of different church buildings. A recess in the chancel may be curtained off, or a screen of Christmas trees at back and two sides with the front open and curtained toward the congregation, can well suggest a little glimpse into the Bethlehem stable. It has been given with beautiful effect also in a church with the high pulpit, with curtains hanging. The manger scene appeared high like a heavenly vision, with shep-

herds and wise men on the steps each side of the pulpit, gazing in adoration, and holding up their gifts in the final tableau.

The Watchman *costumed according to sketch in end of book. The* Prophets *according to sketch in end of book; some with headdresses, some without.* Isaiah *should wear white, with white headdress richly embroidered in red. The angels should follow the sketch in end of book. The trumpets may be made of cardboard covered with gold paper. The winggs of cardboard covered with gold paper. The wings of straps of tape at back and around under arms. The halos of cardboard covered with gold paper. The angels stand always with profile to congregation, and wings flat, like a bas relief. They move only to draw the curtains, and to put their trumpets to their lips. They should suggest a painting, not real moving figures. For the* Madonna *and* Joseph, *and the little rude manger, follow the design and color of an old masterpiece of the nativity scene. A* King *is sketched in the end of the book as suggestion. The* Shepherds *in rough short tunics, just below the knees, legs bound with thongs, or rough sandals on their feet, animal skins, or fur, held on one shoulder and fastened under the other arm at the waist. Oriental head coverings of bright materials, and crooks in their hands, twelve inches taller than the shepherds themselves. In churches where there*

is no electric light to use for the final bright lighting of the tableau, tall church candles can be arranged in a way best suited to throw light on to the scene. These may be lighted by the two angels at the right moment as designated in the service.

Dramatic Service of Worship for January

A New Year's Service

The Renewal of Spirit

Adaptation of the Bible and Robert Browning's "Saul"

Characters

David

Saul

Jesse

Saul's Messenger

Abner (Saul's Captain)

A Reader

Opening Service

Hymn for the congregation:

Come my soul thou must be waking

Tune: Matins. *John Sebastian Bach Hodges.*

Come my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Pray that he may prosper ever,
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou wouldest ill pursue.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding,
All things in unclouded day.

PRAYER SAID BY MINISTER AND CONGREGATION:

"O Lord our God, who turnest into morning the Shadow of night, grant that we may be children of the light and of the day. Let the sun of thy righteousness shine in our hearts. Enlighten our minds, animate our consciences, and purify our affections. We give ourselves to thee this day."

A SMALL CHILD (*in congregation at front*):

"How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot,
From the morn to the evening he strays,
He follows his sheep all the day,
And his lips are filled with praise."

William Blake

(David *comes into the chancel slowly during the singing of the hymn and takes his position quietly, with his harp.*

The chancel will require a few greens and formal trees only to suggest outdoors. If it is to be given in more dramatic setting the following outline should be observed: A green hillside outside of Bethlehem. The beaver board outline of a Palestine village in the background. At one side and very near the front of scene David *sits playing his harp. The action only, is* David's, *as the music is given behind the scenes. If* David *is able to*

sing, he will give the following song himself, if he cannot sing, someone off the scene, or in the congregation will give the song. David *playing his harp sings:*)

Music: Novello Company. *Written for Soprano voice or in three parts—either can be used. The Kindergarten Class has sung it with success.*

Little lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and over the mead,
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,
Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb I'll tell thee
Little lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb,
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name;
Little lamb God bless thee,
Little lamb God bless thee."

William Blake

(*Just as the little song ends two figures come on to the scene.* David, *seeing them approach, stands in surprise.*)

DAVID (*to himself*): 'Tis my father, and a stranger from far.

(Jesse *and the stranger, who is a messenger from Saul, approach* David.)

JESSE: David my son, Saul hath sent his servant unto me, saying, Behold now an evil spirit troubleth Saul.

THE MESSENGER (*eagerly*): And his servants said unto him, Command thy servants, that they seek out a man who is a cunning player on the harp; when the evil spirit is upon thee, then shall he play with his hand and thou shalt be well.

DAVID (*with intense interest*): What said Saul unto his servants?

THE MESSENGER: Saul hath said, Provide me now a man who can play well, and bring him unto me.

JESSE (*putting his hand tenderly on* David's *head*): Saul hath heard of a son of mine that keepeth the sheep and playeth his harp.

THE MESSENGER (*in quick response*): Yea, of a Bethlehemite, who is cunning in playing, a valiant man and comely, one whom the Lord is with!

DAVID (*wonderingly, mystified*): What would ye?

THE MESSENGER (*bowing low before* David): Saul hath sent me to say to Jesse thy father, "Send me David who is with the sheep."

JESSE (*looking earnestly at* David): The King's will is my will.

(David *looks from one to the other in mystified wonder—looks off at a little outline of Bethlehem in the distance, looks down at his harp—touches its strings and a gentle melody sounds.*)

DAVID (*takes his hand from the strings and says quietly and solemnly with eyes raised to heaven*): I am thy servant, Lord, give me understanding.

(Jesse *and the* Messenger *watch him intently, expectantly.*)

DAVID (*looking up at his father and the* Messenger *in confidence and spirit*): Let no man's heart fail because of Saul. Thy servant will go.

THE MESSENGER (*clasping his hands joyously*): Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

DAVID: Thou, Lord, art my hiding place and my shield; hold thou me up!

JESSE (*placing both hands on* David's *shoulders*): David my son, I am well pleased. With thee I will send gifts unto Saul; an ass laden with bread and a bottle of wine, and a kid.

(*He stoops and kisses* David *first on one cheek, then on the other, then goes off toward Bethlehem.*)

DAVID (*stooping to pick some blue lilies growing near*): These lilies I must twine round my harp strings, to save them from the wild heat of the desert.

(*He winds the lilies in and out of the strings.*)

THE MESSENGER (*in quiet confidence watching* David): Thou shalt play on thy harp, and the great Saul shall live!

DAVID (*kneeling beside his harp, which he places on the ground and looking up over the hills*):

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh my help—
My help cometh from the Lord, which made
heaven and earth.

(*A slight pause then he rises from his knees, lifts his harp, and moves eagerly and unhesitatingly toward the* Messenger.)

DAVID: Come, thy servant David is ready. (*Then in calm and quiet assurance*): The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want.

(*The* Messenger *leading they go in haste from the scene. As they disappear,* Psalm xxiii *is started by girls and boys in the congregation. Three girls and three boys are chosen for the leading of the Psalm in antiphonal form. The girls are seated on one side and at front of the congregation, the boys on the opposite side and at the front.*
All say Psalm xxiii *in following antiphonal order.*)

GIRLS: The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
BOYS: He leadeth me beside the still waters;
GIRLS: He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
BOYS: Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
GIRLS: Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
BOYS and GIRLS together: Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

HYMN FOR THE CONGREGATION:

In Heavenly Love Abiding

In heav'nly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is ever free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

(*During the singing of the hymn* Saul, *bowed with sorrow, weary and depressed, comes in*

through chancel door. He rests his sword and shield against the pulpit steps, then leans on the pulpit, his arms outstretched, his head bent, his back toward the congregation.

If more dramatic setting is desired, then the tent of Saul *is seen at one side, so arranged that the front is toward the congregation.* Saul *enters tent and takes his position in accordance with the description given below* [*from* Robert Browning]. Abner *enters, looks about anxiously and finally discerns the dark figure of* Saul *in his despair.* Abner *paces up and down, showing by his action his own distress and anguish. He stops and looks off up the church as if into the distance; shading his eyes with his hand, as if looking across a sunburned desert. He drops his hand with a despairing gesture, sighs, shakes his head sorrowfully, walks toward* Saul, *looks at him, again raises his hands in despairing gesture and lets them fall.*)

THE READER (*in front of church at one side of chancel*):

"He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there, as caught in his pangs

And waiting his change, the King-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance comes
With the springtime—so agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

(Abner *shakes his head sorrowfully, then shades his eyes again and looks off into the distance. He looks more eagerly, strains every muscle to see, starts a few steps forward. At this moment* Saul's Messenger *and* David *come from the direction* Abner *has been looking, toward the chancel down the center aisle. They look weary, the* Messenger *wipes his face with his mantle as if exhausted from the heat.* David *carries his harp wound with the lilies.*)

SAUL'S MESSENGER (*kneeling before* Abner): Behold, here is the Bethlehemite, who is cunning in playing, a valiant man and comely, and whom the Lord is with!

(Saul's Messenger *rises and bows toward* David, *then withdraws from the scene.* Abner *goes in joyous haste to* David, *who stands in simple quiet dignity.*)

ABNER:

"At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well!"

(*Greet each other with kiss on cheek.*)

DAVID: "For my brethren and companions sake I will now say Peace be with thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

ABNER (*his hand on* David's *head*):

"Since the King, oh my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken not eaten have we, nor until from his tent
Thou return, with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet."

(Abner *pauses a moment, with his hand on* David's *head looking earnestly, searching into his upturned face.*)

ABNER (*continuing joyously*):

"Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child, with his dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue,
Just broken to twine round the harp-strings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

(*Then pointing toward the pulpit and leading* David *slowly toward* King Saul *continues in slow sad voice.*)

ABNER:

"For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer nor of praise

To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife
And that, faint in his triumph the monarch sinks back upon life."

(*They have come quite close to* Saul *now and* David *kneels, raising his hands in prayer.*)

DAVID (*in earnest supplication*):

"O Thou, who didst grant me that day,
And before it not seldom hast guarded thy help to essay,
Carry on and complete an adventure, my shield and my sword,
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was my word—
Still be with me!"

(David *rises,* Abner *silently motions toward* Saul. *Then* Abner *steps to one side and stands silent leaning on his spear. The figure and position of* Saul *as seen by the congregation should follow* Browning's *description as closely as possible.*)

THE READER:

"At first I saw naught but the blackness—but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion; and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all—

He stood as erect as that tent-prop, both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the center, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle but hung there"—
"So agonized Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb."

(David *looks around intently somewhat puzzled at first as if he could not distinguish things, in the darkness of the tent after the glare of the desert. He stands with his profile to the congregation, and facing the figure of* Saul. *He starts in amazement as if he first distinguishes the* King.)

David (*gently, almost timidly*): "Here is David, thy servant."

(*No sign of life from* Saul.)

David (*more eagerly, and somewhat tenderly*):

"Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces."

(*The* King *still immovable.*)

(David *unwinds the blue lilies from his harp, as he does so he looks up now and then at* Saul, *and speaks the following lines from* Browning.)

David:

" 'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do!
(*Pointing toward the* King.)

See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes fall through—
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would, knowing which
I know that my service is perfect."

DAVID (*kneeling now with his harp ready to play; but looking up toward* Saul *speaks as if to himself*):

"The Lord is my light and my salvation whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life of whom shall I be afraid?"

(David *plays a little on the harp* [*music off the scene for the harp*] *then above the music* David's *voice is heard saying the words from* Browning.)

DAVID (*tenderly with feeling*):

"First I'll play the tune all our sheep know as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door, till folding be done;
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star,
Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far!"

(Saul *seems to stir—a faint sigh of life.* David *pauses—watching* Saul *eagerly while still playing—music as of harp continues.*)

David:

Now "the tune, for which quails on the corn land will each leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then what has weight
To set the quick jerboa amusing outside his sand house—
There are none such as he for a wonder, half bird and half mouse!
God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family here."

(Saul *is seen decidedly to move.*)

Abner (*coming forward as if straining every muscle to listen while* David's *voice is still*):

"Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants of prayer nor of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife."

(Abner *leans back against the prop, dejected as before.*)

David (*more exultantly*):

Now I'll play "the great march,
Wherein man runs to man to assist him and buttress an arch

Naught can break; who shall harm them our friends? Then the charms intoned
As the Levites go up to the altar in glory enthroned."

(Saul *is heard to groan.*)

DAVID (*breathlessly*): (*Music of harp ceases.*)

"I stopped here; for here in the darkness Saul groaned."

(Abner *starts in excitement at the sound of* Saul's *groan.* Abner *moves forward as if toward the tent entrance, every motion of his showing intense feeling. He gazes in wonder and amazement as he sees* Saul's *action;* Saul's *action should follow the description of the following lines from* Browning *given by* The Reader.)

ABNER (*in utter amazement*): The King!

THE READER:

"He slowly resumed
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand replumed
His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the swathes
Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance bathes
He wipes off with his robe."

(Abner *remains standing near as if in the most intense excitement of waiting. While* Saul *is thus acting.*)

DAVID (*in more exultant tones*):

"I believe it! (*raising his hands heavenward*) 'tis thou
God that givest, 'Tis I who receive,
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe."

(*Then turning beseechingly toward Saul*):

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ,
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

(David *pauses.* Saul's *action now follows* Browning's *description still further.* Saul *sinks down on the pulpit step.*)

THE READER:

"So sank he along by the tent-prop till, stayed by the pile
Of his armor, and war cloak and garments he staid there awhile,
One arm round the tent-prop to raise
His bent head, and the other hung slack."

(David *rises and moves close to the king, kneels at his feet with his harp.*)

DAVID (*in exultant voice*):

"High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning them—all
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!"

(Saul *lifts his hand and lays it tenderly on* David's *head, tilting it back so he can look earnestly into the boy's face.*)

THE READER:

" . . . he spoke not, but slow
Lifted up the hand slack at his side, 'till he laid it with care,
Soft and grave, but, in mild settled will, on my brow: through my hair
The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head, with kind power.
All my face back intent to peruse it, as men do a flower."

DAVID (*reaching out his hands in loving eagerness*):

" . . . Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,
I would add to that life of the past, both the future and this;
I would give thee new life altogether, as good ages hence
At this moment—(wistfully) had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

(*Pauses a moment—then in tense earnestness*):

"I spoke as I saw—I report as a man may of
God's work—all's love yet all's law.
I but open my eyes—and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined full fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod"—

(David *pauses, intently watching the* King. Abner *stands now closer to the* King *and* David, *listening in tense excitement and anxiety.*)

SAUL (*as if to gain strength and patience*):

"Our soul waiteth for the Lord, he is our help and our shield."

(Saul *rises slowly,* David *following, his eyes intent upon the* King's *least action.* Saul *stands straight, but not yet with his head held high and kingly.*)

SAUL (*lifts his arms toward heaven and cries, in a voice showing tragic suffering and yet promise of new life*):

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee O Lord
Lord hear my voice—If thou Lord shouldst work iniquities, O Lord who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

DAVID (*aside, with arms upraised imploringly*): "Oh speak through me now."

(*Then moving still nearer* Saul *he speaks in a voice showing more hope and confidence*):

DAVID:

"Ah Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee,
A man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever,
A hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!"

(*As* David *speaks the final words in a voice of exultation,* Saul *reaches his full stature, his face revealing majestic strength and power.*)

SAUL (*in confident, exultant voice*):

"I wait for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

(*As* Abner *hears the* King's *voice he stands upright, exultant—steps eagerly beside the* King *and sees him standing now straight and exultant.*)

ABNER (*in breathless wonder*):

"He is Saul we remember in glory!"

SAUL (*looking earnestly at* David): Whose son art thou, thou young man?

DAVID: I am David, the son of thy servant Jesse, the Bethlehemite.

(Saul *then looks tenderly at* David.)

SAUL:

"Let David stand before me for he hath found favor in my sight."

DAVID (*kneeling joyously at the* King's *feet*): The word of the Lord is right and all his works are done in truth!

SAUL: I have sinned; yet will I turn again and worship the Lord, thy God.

ABNER (*wonderingly*): So, this is the man that made not God his strength!

SAUL (*placing his hand tenderly on* David's *head*):

"David thou shalt go no more home to thy father's house, I would make thee mine armour bearer."

David: I am thy servant—do with me according to thy will.

Saul (*turning to* Abner): Abner, fetch me my sword and shield.

(Abner *takes the* King's *sword and shield from against the side of the pulpit and hands them to* Saul. Saul *lifts* David *to his feet, fastens the sword and belt around* David, *and hands him the shield.*)

(*As* David *stands before* Saul *and* Abner *in his armour,* Saul *says the following Psalm.*)

Saul (*in confidence and serenity*):

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul;

(*in ecstacy*:)

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken and we are escaped.

(*A slight pause.*)

Saul, Abner and David together:

Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.

(*As the three stand in tableau the closing service begins with the following responsive verses.*)

THE READER: Lift up your hearts.
THE CONGREGATION: We lift them up unto the Lord.
THE READER: O Lord, open thou our eyes,
THE CONGREGATION: That we may behold wondrous things.
THE READER: O Lord, open thou our lips,
THE CONGREGATION: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.
THE READER: Praise ye the Lord,
THE CONGREGATION: The Lord's name be praised.

CLOSING HYMN SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION:

Come Thou Almighty King

Italian Hymn *Felici Giardini*

or

Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee

(Sleepers awake)

Now let every tongue adore Thee!
Let men with angels sing before Thee!
Let harps and symbols now unite!
No mortal eye hath seen,
No mortal ear hath heard
Such wondrous things;
Therefore with joy our song shall soar,
In praise to God forever more.

All thy gates with pearl are glorious,
Whence we partake thro' faith victorious,
With angels round thy throne of light.
No mortal eye hath seen,
No mortal ear hath heard
Such wondrous things;
Therefore with joy our song shall soar,
In praise to God forever more.

Johann Sebastian Bach

(Saul, David *and* Abner *leave by the chancel door during the singing of the hymn.*)

Benediction

Suggestions for Presentation

The tent of Saul *is an Arab tent like sketch in Appendix. The open side toward the Congregation. If this setting is used it should be in place during first part of service, simply have* David's *action at opposite side of chancel, or platform.* David *in same costume as always represented in these services, and so described in the September one; except in this scene he wears the first type of shepherd's headdress as described under "f" in the* Appendix. Saul *wears a turban according to* Browning's *description of gorgeous kingly color—gold and black. A tunic of purple with band of gold at hem and gold cord at waist; a cape falling from the shoulders backward of heavy material in purple bound in black. Sandals. Shield and spear painted silver.* Abner:

short tunic just below the knees of red in canvas or burlap. Over this from neck to hips without sleeves a cloth jacket covered with dull silver paint. A close-fitting cap-shaped helmet with a piece over each ear made of the same material. Leggings bound with red. Jesse *and* Saul's Messenger *as described in the* Appendix *under* Hebrew Costumes.

The Sword of Gideon

CHARACTERS

Gideon

The Angel of the Lord

Phurah (Gideon's Servant)

Joash

Old Woman
Old Man
Young Woman
Young Man
} Israelites

A Number of Gideon's followers (chosen according to individual needs in group presenting the action)

A Number of Midianites (chosen accoding to individual needs in group pesenting the action)

Leader of Midianites

Scene I

A rough country suggested, with a cave at one side of the platform. Opposite an oak tree represented. In the center and at back of platform sheaves of wheat piled—near the cave on the ground sit an Old Man, Old Woman *and* Young Woman—Joash *and* Young Man *are standing beside them—all clad in appropriate costumes of the time and showing the poverty and privations of the people of* Israel *at that period of their history. During the speeches of these characters* Gideon *comes onto the scene with a sheaf of wheat on his shoulders, piles it on the sheaves of wheat already there, pauses listening to the words of his people, shakes his head, goes slowly off, returning with more wheat. Continues this action until the speech of the old man when* Gideon *has come over close beside the group at the side of his father* Joash. *Throughout the conversation between the* Israelites *the* Young Man *shows deep interest and increasing excitement.*

Opening Service

Hymn for the congregation:

Glorious Forever

From the Russian of Nikolai Alekszevitch Nekrasof
by Nathan Haskell Dole

Glorious forever, our freedom giver!
All our good fortune wakes at thy voice!
Freedom and fortune make us rejoice!
Glorious forever, our freedom giver!
Bless thy great name!
Lord God who made us,
Heed us and aid us,
Fill with Love's flame, with Love's flame.
Homage we pay Thee, yet oh we pray
May we act truly, wisely and duly
Worthy our flame!

Serge Rachmaninoff

Prayer said by minister and congregation:

"Almighty God, who in the former time didst lead our fathers forth into a large place, and sent them to sow beside many waters; give thy grace we pray thee, to us, their children, that we may prove ourselves worthy of their faithfulness and glad likewise to do thy will."

Joash: The children of Israel have done evil in the sight of the Lord.

OLD MAN: And the Lord has delivered them into the hand of Midian these seven years.

YOUNG MAN: Will the Lord cast off forever? Is his mercy clean gone forever?

JOASH: And the hand of Midian prevails against Israel.

OLD MAN: And because of the Midianites we the children of Israel made ourselves these dens which are in the mountains, and caves and strongholds.

OLD WOMAN (*plaintively*): The stout hearted are spoiled; they are sleeping their sleep, and none of the men of might have found their hands.

(Gideon *stands listening beside the sheaves of wheat.*)

JOASH: And so it was when Israel had sown that the Midianites came up and the Amalakites and the children of the East.

OLD MAN: And they encamped against them and destroyed the increase of the earth and left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass.

(Gideon *has come close to the group now and stands beside his father—drops his head in utter sadness and woe.*)

JOASH (*placing his hand on* Gideon's *shoulder*): Here is Gideon, my son, who must beat out wheat in the wine press to hide it from the Midianites.

YOUNG WOMAN (*woefully*): My flesh and my heart fail.

OLD WOMAN (*sorrowfully but looking upward*): Jehovah is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

GIDEON (*earnestly*): Did the Lord not say, Hear O my people and I will speak. Hearken and I will testify unto you. (*Then more exultantly.*) I am God, even thy God!

(Gideon *shows increasing earnestness and intensity of feeling—moves nearer the young man.*)

YOUNG WOMAN (*excitedly*): They come up with their cattle and their tents as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels are without number and they entered into the land to destroy it.

YOUNG MAN: Did the Lord not say call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee?

OLD MAN: And Israel is greatly impoverished because of the Midianites, and the children of Israel are crying unto the Lord.

GIDEON (*in intense earnestness*): Is there none to guide her among all the sons whom she hath brought forth?

OLD MAN (*in earnest beseeching voice*): Let us cry unto the Lord that he send a prophet unto the Children of Israel who shall say "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought you up from Egypt and brought you forth out of the house of bondage

and I delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians and out of the hand of all those that oppressed you, and drove them out from before you and gave you their land, and I will deliver you from the oppression of Midian."

GIDEON (*turns excitedly toward his father and the others of the group*): Did not the Lord say unto you, I am the Lord your God, fear not the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell?

(Joash *and* Old Man *look at* Gideon *in amazement.* Old Woman *and* Young Woman *rise, and start back as if startled.*)

YOUNG MAN (*exultantly raising his hands to heaven*): O Jehovah thou art the God that does wonders—thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

OLD MAN (*confidently*): I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust.

OLD WOMAN (*as she and* Young Woman *leave the scene*): The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him.

JOASH (*looking in disdain at* Gideon): Gather not my soul with sinners, in whose hand is mischief.

(Joash *goes off shrugging his shoulders disdainfully.*)

YOUNG MAN (*half in perplexity and wonder looking at* Gideon): Thou God leddest thy people like a flock

by the hand of Moses and Aaron. I heard the voice of the Lord saying whom shall I send, who will go for us?

GIDEON (*as if in a dream, pausing then speaking as if by a Power outside himself*): Then said I, Here am I, send me.

(Old Man *has drawn gradually farther and farther away from* Gideon *and* Young Man. *These two are intent upon each other, unconscious of the others.*)

OLD MAN (*just before he leaves the scene, shaking his head as if greatly puzzled and speaking almost to himself*): Young men see visions, old men dream dreams.

(*The group leave the scene.* Young Man *stands looking in wonder at* Gideon *who raises his hands to heaven.*)

GIDEON: Even now behold my witness is in heaven, and he that voucheth for me is on high.

(Young Man *leaves the scene with exultant expression of joy.* Gideon *stands gazing in rapt meditation. Suddenly under the "oak tree" the* Angel of the Lord *appears and speaks to* Gideon, *who at the sound of the* Angel's *voice is transfixed in wonder.*)

THE ANGEL: The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.

GIDEON (*beseechingly*): Oh my Lord, if the Lord be with me, why then is all this befallen us? And where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? But now the Lord hath forsaken us and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites.

THE ANGEL: Go in this thy might and the Lord shall save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee?

GIDEON: Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house?

THE ANGEL: Thus saith Jehovah, Surely I will be with thee, and thou shalt smite the Midianites as one man.

GIDEON: If now I have found Grace in thy sight, then show me a sign that it is Jehovah that talkest with me. I will go and make ready a kid and unleavened cakes of meal and broth in a pot. Depart not hence, I pray thee until I come unto thee and bring forth my present and set it before thee.

THE ANGEL: I will tarry until thou come again.

(Angel *remains standing under the tree.* Gideon *goes into the cave and brings out a basket and an earthen pot of broth and takes it out "unto him under the oak and presents it."*)

The Angel: Take the flesh and the unleavened cakes and lay them on this rock and pour out the broth.

(Gideon *does as the* Angel *commands. "Then the* Angel *touches the food with the end of his staff and fire appears to come out of the rock." The* Angel *slowly disappears and* Gideon *in awe and recognition of the fact that he has talked with the* Angel *of the* Lord *throws himself on his face on the ground and cries out.*)

Gideon: O Lord God! for because I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face.

The Angel (*unseen*): Peace be unto thee, fear not, thou shalt not die.

(Gideon *looks up in exultant joy, then rises in assured strength and builds an altar on the spot where the* Angel *stood. Reverently he builds stone on stone, then kneels before it and raises his hands to heaven.*)

Gideon: I build an altar here unto the Lord and it shall be called Jehovah-Sholom. (*A pause, then exultantly.*) The Lord of hosts is with us—the eternal God is our refuge.

Curtains Drawn

SERVICE BETWEEN SCENES I AND II

Two children in Hebrew costumes give the following verses as prolocutors.

FIRST PROLOCUTOR (Hebrews, Chap. 11: verses 37–38): They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented.

SECOND PROLOCUTOR: Of whom the world was not worthy, they wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth.

FIRST PROLOCUTOR (Hebrews, Chap. 12: verse 11): All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous.

SECOND PROLOCUTOR: Yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby.

BOTH PROLOCUTORS: Even the fruit of righteousness.

CONGREGATION SINGS THE FOLLOWING:

Bach Chorale

Be thou exalted O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell,
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Words by *Isaac Watts*

Scene II

(Book of Judges, Chap. 6: verses 25–39, *Outdoor scene. An altar to* Baal *built at one side of the platform with a wooden shaft beside it. A large rock near. A dim light*

at the opening of the scene to suggest night. Enter mysteriously Gideon *and ten of his men and his servant* Phurah, *the latter dragging a sacrifice. They approach* Baal's *altar.*)

Gideon: The Lord hath said unto me, "Throw down the altar of Baal that thy father hath and cut down the grove that is by it, and build an altar unto the Lord thy God upon the top of this rock, in the ordered place, and take the second bullock and offer a burnt sacrifice with the wood of the grove which thou shalt cut down."

(Gideon *destroys the wooden shaft and the altar and he and his men cut up the shaft and place it piece by piece on the rock.*)

Gideon (*turning to* Phurah *who is dragging the sacrifice*): Phurah, my servant, bring hither the burnt offering.

(*They place their burnt offering on the rock. The light increases as if it were dawn and* Gideon *and his men disappear hurriedly.*

Joash *enters from one side of stage as a group of* Midianites *enter opposite. The* Midianites *see their altar destroyed and the new altar and burnt offering. They exclaim in horror, questioning one another.*)

(*Murmurs heard, moving about in groups.*)

MIDIANITES: Who hath done this thing?

THE LEADER OF THE MIDIANITES: Gideon, the son of Joash, hath done this thing.

(*They turn in wrath to* Joash.)

ONE MIDIANITE: Bring out thy son that he may die: because he hath cast down the altar of Baal and because he hath cut down the grove that was by it.

JOASH (*looking haughtily at them, asks derisively*): Will ye plead for Baal? Will ye save him? He that will plead for him, let him be put to death whilst it is yet morning; if he be a god let him plead for himself; because one hath cast down his altar.

(*The* Midianites *gather together in anger.*)

THE LEADER OF THE MIDIANITES: Let us prepare for battle, let us go over and pitch our tents in the valley of Jezreel.

(*They go in great excitement followed by* Joash *while* Gideon *who has entered unperceived and heard their declaration of war stands in deep and earnest thought.*)

GIDEON (*as if in prayer raising his hands toward heaven*): Be thou a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

(*Finally he raises his trumpet and blows a clear blast. His men enter excitedly from all sides led by the* Young Man.)

Young Man: Awake, awake, put on thy strength O arm of the Lord. Awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old!

Gideon (*turning earnestly to the men*): I have cried unto my God and said, "God, if thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said, Behold I will put a fleece of wool on the floor and if the dew be on the fleece only and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said." And it was so.

Young Man: O God, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!

Gideon (*with increasing intensity of feeling*): Still I cried unto God, "Let not thine anger be hot against me and I will speak but this once; let me prove, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece and upon the ground let there be dew;" and God did so that night. Therefore I believe.

(Gideon *pauses then looks with power and the spirit of mastery at his men.*)

Young Man: Thus hath God said, "Thou art the chosen leader of my people Israel!"

Gideon (*slowly and with mastery*): God hath said unto me, "Therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid,

let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead."

(Gideon *looks around searchingly among his men, some are seen to go off stealthily, leaving the group of faithful followers.*)

GIDEON: The Lord saith unto me, "The people are yet too many, bring them down into the water and I will try them for thee there; and it shall be that of whom I say unto thee, this shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, this shall not go with thee, the same shall not go."

PHURAH: Happy art thou O Israel! Who is like unto thee, a people saved by the Lord.

(Phurah *leaves the scene to fetch* Gideon's *sword.* Gideon *leads the people down to one side of the scene where the stream is suggested.*)

GIDEON: Drink of the water that God may test you for his servants.

(*Part of them kneel down and drink from the stream, part take the water up into their hands and while lapping it keep watch about them.*)

GIDEON: Those who have drunk from their hands and kept watch about them for the enemy, those shall be my followers; for the Lord saith unto me,

"Gideon, by the men that lapped will I save you and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go, every man unto his place."

(Gideon *separates the men according to these words and then gathering his final chosen men about him, he gives each a trumpet, an empty pitcher and a torch. While he does this* Phurah *returns with the sword for* Gideon.)

Young Man (*looking earnestly at the chosen band*): So shall the little one become a thousand and the small one a strong nation!

(Phurah *kneels before* Gideon, *handing him the sword.*)

Gideon: The Lord saith, take Phurah thy servant and visit the tents of the Midianites. Then behold when I come to the outside of the camp of the Midianites it shall be that as I do, so shall ye do. When I blow with a trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets on every side of all the camp and say, "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

(Phurah *rises from his knees and looks in wonder at* Gideon. Gideon *stands silently as if in prayer.*)

Young Man: Let us get down unto the host for the Lord will deliver unto our hand the host of the Midian.

GIDEON (*in the full power of his mastery*): Say among the nations the Lord reigneth!

CURTAINS DRAWN

Service between Scenes II and III

FIRST PROLOCUTOR (Hebrews, Chap. 11: verse 1): Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

SECOND PROLOCUTOR (Hebrews, Chap. 11: verses 8–10): By faith Abraham when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance obeyed; and he went out not knowing whither he went. For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

FIRST PROLOCUTOR (Hebrews, Chap. 11: verses 32–33): And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, of Samson, of David also and Samuel, and of the Prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions:

BOTH PROLOCUTORS (*continue* verse 34): Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Scene III

(*The scene is darkened to suggest night. A tent of the* Midianites *at one side of platform. The open side is toward the audience and the enemy are seen lying asleep inside the tent.* Gideon *and his servant* Phurah *are seen stealing in and stand close to the tent unseen by the* Midianites. *Suddenly the* Leader *of the* Midianites *rouses from sleep, crying out as if in fear. His comrades awake and sit up in sudden amazement and fear.*)

THE LEADER OF THE MIDIANITES (*in a voice choking with fear*): Behold I dreamed a dream, and lo a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian and came into a tent and smote it and it fell and overturned it, that the tent lay along.

ONE OF THE MIDIANITES (*in great fear*): Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?

THE LEADER OF THE MIDIANITES: This dream means nothing else save the Sword of Gideon, the son of Joash, a man of Israel, for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all the host.

(*The* Midianites *huddle together in a panic. A sound of a distant trumpet is heard.*)

(Gideon *and his servant* Phurah *go stealthily over to one side of platform where they are*

joined by the little band of followers. All proceed with torches hidden in pitchers.)

GIDEON (*in meditation*): The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey!

(*Repeated by all his men quietly and solemnly.*)

(*They return to the tent, blow their trumpets, take their torches from the pitchers and surround the tent of the enemy—they place their pitchers on the ground, raise their swords high in their hands and cry aloud.*)

GIDEON AND HIS MEN: The Sword of the Lord and Gideon!

(*Very deep thunder of chords from the organ. The enemy rush in terror from their tent and disappear in flight. The light grows stronger now and the morning is seen to have come in all its brightness. The men gather about* Gideon, *who stands a little apart in all the strength of his leadership, but grave and earnest in his triumph.*)

GIDEON: Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands. Yea the work of our hands establish thou it!

YOUNG MAN (*kneeling before* Gideon, *imploringly*): Gideon, Gideon, rule thou over us, both thou and

thy son, and thy son's sons also, for thou hast delivered us from the hand of the Midian.

(Gideon *looks silently and earnestly at his loyal followers, his faithful men; then he raises his sword high in his hand and slowly and with impressive power speaks.*)

Gideon: I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you, nor my son's sons. The Lord shall rule over you.

Prolocutors (*in unison and group on stage*): Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey.

Curtains Drawn

Prayer said by minister and congregation:

"Enable us, our heavenly Father, by Thy grace to dedicate ourselves anew to the word which thou layest on conscience and heart." *Amen.*

Joshua 24

Closing hymn sung by congregation:

Mine Eyes have seen the Glory
of the Coming of the Lord

Julia Ward Howe

Suggestions for Presentation

Follow description in the Appendix *of general Hebrew costumes.* Gideon *and his followers and all the*

Israelites wear rough, ragged tunics; some with worn headdresses; legs in burlap leggings bound around, or bare legs in sandals. The Midianites *are in far better garments; some of the leaders with shields and swords, and close-fitting caps of steel made of heavy canvas covered with dull silvern paint. The* Angel *wears filmy robe of white or pale rose, no wings, no halo (the distinction of Old Testament heavenly messengers), and a very slender staff of burnished gold. In the basket of food an electric flash light may be arranged which the* Angel *should light at the moment designated in the text. This should remain glowing through the remainder of the scene. The pitchers should be plain earthen jugs. The torches, sticks about fourteen inches long, stained brown, with electric flash lights fastened in the ends covered with red paper.*

Dramatic Service of Worship for March

On the Road of Jerusalem

A Palm Sunday Service

Characters

A Boy

Martha and Mary

Centurion and his Servant

Some Greeks (3)

The Widow of the Mite

The Pharisees (3)

A Scribe

Disciples (2)

A Woman of Canaan

A Youth

Some Pilgrims

Opening Service

Old Hundredth

Genevan Psalter

Hymn for the congregation:

Be thou O God! Exalted high
And as thy glory fills the sky
So let it be on earth displayed
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

(*The following verses from* Psalm xxiv *to be said responsively by members of the church school.*)

First Older Child: Lift up your heads O ye gates; and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors that the King of Glory shall come in.

Younger Child: Who is this King of Glory?

First Older Child: The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Second Older Child: Lift up your heads O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in.

Younger Child: Who is the King of Glory?

Both Older Children: The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

Scene I

(*A road leading out of Bethany to Jerusalem. A bit of country showing along the road and in the distance the outline of Jerusalem.* A large stone at one side of the road in foreground. A young boy enters dressed in the simple tunic of a boy of the Holy Land in the time of Jesus. He carries a water jug strapped on his shoulders and in his hand palm branches. He comes from the direction of Bethany and stands at one side of the road facing the audience.*)

BOY: This is the day the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it.

(*The boy slips the water jug from his shoulders, places it on the stone at the side of the road and sits down beside it. People come on the scene in the simple Hebrew costumes of the time; greet the boy silently, with a wave of the hand, or bow of the head, then pass on down the road in the direction of Jerusalem. The boy shows an eager though quiet interest in the passers-by until a youth comes on the scene showing more excitement and hurry. The* Youth *approaches the* Boy, *who stands up in eager attention.*)

*Directions for making this outline under paragraph 5 in the Appendix.

Youth (*putting his hand on the* Boy's *shoulder*) : Dost know today, Jesus, the Messiah, rides in triumph through the streets of Jerusalem?

Boy (*sadly*) : Yes, I know.

Youth: Go ye not?

Boy (*wistfully*) : I cannot go—not old enough for roads so rough they say, for a way so far.

Youth (*in surprise*) : 'Tis but a Sabbath day's journey.

Boy (*sighing*) : Even so, mine own friends and brethren, who have gone from Bethany along the Jerusalem road, could not take one so young, they said.

Youth (*while they have been speaking the pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem keep passing. The youth keeps pointing to them excitedly*) : Look! The people from all the country round about are going to the Holy City to see Jesus and acclaim him King of Kings!

Boy (*starting as if to follow—then turns back to the stone and sits down on it as if in determination to to stay, shaking his head sadly*) : I cannot, I cannot go. (*Then looking up at the* Youth *suddenly with a light and joy in his face.*) But I can sit here and tell strangers the way to Jerusalem, and here (*pointing to the jug*) from my cup of water many may refresh themselves, and go more quickly on their way to the Christ.

YOUTH: So you can, lad, and I will return this way at evening and tell thee of all I see in Jerusalem.

BOY (*eagerly*): Take, then, this palm branch and spread it for me before the Master's feet.

(Youth *hurries on down the road.*)

BOY: Oh, that I might be there to worship him that cometh in the name of the Lord!

(Boy *sighs and turns from watching the* Youth *just in time to see* Mary *and* Martha *approaching.*)

BOY: 'Tis Mary and Martha of Bethany.

(*Greets them eagerly.*)

BOY: Women, go ye to Jerusalem?

MARTHA: Yea, child, to see the Christ ride in triumph.

MARY: He did abide with us in our house in Bethany even last night.

BOY: Ah, so near was he and I saw him not! Tell me what spake he?

MARTHA: I will tell thee, child. Mary, my sister, whom thou seest here, sat at his feet and heard his word, but I, ever busy with the things of this world, was cumbered with much serving—then I, in my blindness, said "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me."

BOY: What saith the Master, Martha?

MARTHA: "Martha," he said unto me, "thou art careful

and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Mary (*putting her hand on the* Boy's *head*): Once also in our house, Boy, the Master comforted us with these words, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

(Martha *and* Mary *pass on down the road and the* Boy *stands in tense thoughtfulness.*)

Boy (*to himself thoughtfully*): The Master did stay last night with Mary and Martha in Bethany—who knows but he may return this way at the end of the day? (*Exultantly.*) What if he should pass here weary and thirsty after his day in Jerusalem, and I, even I, may offer him water from my cup!

(Boy *looks off in the distance from which the travellers approach and observes two strangers draw near.*)

Boy (*aside*): A Roman Centurion and his servant. These come from far.

(*Enter the* Centurion *and his servant. They approach the* Boy.)

Centurion: Tell me, I pray thee, lad, the road to Jerusalem, that we may reach there while there is yet time, to see him whom they call the Christ.

BOY (*pointing down the road*): That is the way to Jerusalem. (*And then pouring water from the jug for the strangers to drink and offering it to them.*) Go ye too to acclaim him Prince of Peace?

CENTURION: Yea, Child, for such is he. (*Drinking from the cup.*)

BOY (*eagerly*): Knowest thou him?

(Boy *listens attentively.*)

CENTURION: Boy, let me tell you of this Jesus of Nazareth whom we call the Lord. Dear unto me is this servant (*pointing to his servant*) and grievously tormented was he once when the Christ passed through Capernaum. I went to Jesus and saith, "Lord I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed." And it was even as I asked.

(*The* Centurion *passes on very slowly in deep and solemn thought. His* Servant *comes close to the* Boy *and says in quiet dignity.*)

SERVANT: When Jesus heard what my master said, he marvelled and said to them that followed, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. Go thy way; and as thou hast believed so be it done unto thee."

BOY: Oh, well do I believe in this Christ too! When ye shout Hosannas today before him, spread ye

this palm branch in his path! (*Gives the* Servant *a palm branch.*)

(*The* Centurion *and* Servant *pass on and as they disappear slowly in the distance the* Servant *turns and waves the palm branch to the* Boy.)

(*The* Greeks *enter.*)

BOY (*in surprise looking at the* Greeks): And are there certain Greeks among them coming to worship at the feast?

ONE GREEK (*to* Boy): We would see Jesus. We would know what this new teaching is which is spoken by him.

SECOND GREEK (*thoughtfully*): For they bring certain strange things to our ears; we would know therefore what these things mean.

BOY (*pointing up the road*): That road will lead you to Jerusalem where the feast of the Passover is held, and where the Christ will ride in triumph today!

(*The* Greeks *bow and pass on down the road.*)

BOY (*looking after them thoughtfully*): What seek they? Go they up to Jerusalem to worship?

(*Enter the* Widow—*bowed, worn, forlorn, full of gentle fear and humility.*)

BOY (*observing her, quickly pours out water and offers her a cup*): Drink of this—ye must be faint and weary.

WIDOW: Faint I am and weary (*drinking from the cup*), but strong to reach Jerusalem and see my Lord and Master. (*Giving him back his cup.*) Peace be to thee, Child.

BOY: Have ye seen and heard him?

WIDOW: Seen him have I not, and from others, only have I heard his words. (*Putting her hand on the* Boy's *head.*) He said unto his disciples, "Seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be of doubtful mind. But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you. Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

(*She passes on quickly, waving to the* Boy *as she goes on her way.*)

BOY (*dreamily as he watches the* Widow *disappear*): "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me."

(*Enter the* Pharisees *"who were covetous"—proudly garmented and scornful.*)

BOY (*aside*): Are these the Pharisees who derided Jesus? Of them have I heard.

PHARISEES (*approaching the* Boy, *ask scornfully*): The road to Jerusalem, lieth it this way?

BOY (*hesitatingly*): 'Tis so—but the way is long and the day hot. Why go ye to Jerusalem?

First Pharisee: What would we? This man Jesus doeth many miracles. If we left him thus alone all men will believe in him.

Second Pharisee: We would lay wait for him and seek to catch something out of his mouth that we may accuse him.

Boy (*imploringly*): Oh, go ye not up to Jerusalem with such purpose in your hearts!

First Pharisee: Think ye we would not be there to question this false prophet? We are not like other men, thank God!

(*The* Pharisees *shrug their shoulders and scornfully pass by the* Boy *walking in all their pride down the road. The* Boy *stands dismayed, when he hears an eager voice question him. The* Woman of Canaan *has come in unnoticed as the* Pharisees *depart.*)

Woman of Canaan (*eagerly*): O Boy, am I still far from Jerusalem? A stranger in these parts and a weary traveler of many days, I seek the Holy City.

Boy (*approaching the* Woman): Go ye up to the Passover, or go ye most to see Jesus?

Woman of Canaan: To seek the Christ. Long ago, he came unto the Coast of Tyre and Sidon, and I ran to him in my trouble, crying to him, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David. My daughter is grievously afflicted."

BOY (*eagerly*): O, what did happen then?

WOMAN OF CANAAN: His disciples besought him saying, "Send her away"; but he answered and said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Then came I unto him and worshipped him saying, "Lord help me." But he answered testing me, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs." I said, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their Master's table."

BOY (*more eagerly than before*): What answered the Christ?

WOMAN OF CANAAN (*in quiet wonder*): He said, "O Woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And my daughter was made whole from that very hour! (*Exultantly to the* Boy.) Thinkest thou I would not travel far to see and hear our Master once again?

BOY (*offering her water*): Drink and refresh yourself, for you are one of the people of his pasture and sheep of his hand, and ye must acclaim him today in Jerusalem!

(Woman *drinks.*)

BOY (*handing her a palm branch*): Take this and spread it in his path as he rides in triumph.

(*The* Woman *takes the branch, touches the* Boy's *forehead with her lips and hurries on.*

As she disappears, Two Disciples *come hurriedly down the Jerusalem road looking eagerly from right to left.*)

Boy (*runs up to them*): What seek ye?

One Disciple: Our Master Jesus hath sent us saying, "Go ye into the village over against you, in the which at your entering ye shall find a colt tied, whereon yet never man sat!"

Second Disciple: And Jesus said, "Loose him and bring him hither."

Boy: Why do ye loose him?

First Disciple: Because the Lord hath need of him.

Boy: Go ye quickly over there (*pointing in a direction at right of stage*) and ye shall find in my father's field a colt, whereon yet never man sat. (*Taking off his coat and handing it to the disciple.*) Take this garment of mine, and cast it on the colt that Jesus may sit thereon!

Disciples (*bowing in acknowledgment*): Peace be with thee, child.

(*They hurry off in direction* Boy *pointed and as they disappear.*)

Boy (*exultantly clasping his hands*): I, even I, the least of them all, have told where they might find the ass that the Lord may ride; and have given my coat whereon the Master may sit.

Curtains Drawn

Service between Scenes I and II

ONE CHILD (*standing in one of front pews*): Behold my servant whom I uphold; my chosen in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him. He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. *Isaiah 42: Verse 1.*

ANOTHER CHILD (*standing in a pew across the aisle from the first*): Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion. Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem, behold thy King cometh unto thee; he is just and having salvation; lowly and riding upon an ass, even upon the foal of an ass. *Zachariah 9: Verse 9.*

CONGREGATION SINGS THE FOLLOWING HYMN:

St. Drostane, L. M.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The winged squadrons of the sky,
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ! thy power and reign.

John Bacchus Dykes

As the hymn ends the Curtains part for Scene II

Scene II

The outline of Jerusalem appears nearer, not so far in the distance as in first scene. A wall extends across the stage platform about half way between the front and back of the platform. The effect of Jerusalem appearing nearer, may be secured by raising higher the beaver board outline of the city, than in the first scene, and having it show above the wall.

The city wall may be suggested by beaver board as described under paragraph 6 in Appendix. *As the curtains part a murmur of voices is heard from behind the wall. Several of the people who passed along the road in the first scene, and the characters to appear in Scene III, come down the aisle between the congregation, pausing in front of the platform to point out silently to each other the* Holy City *just ahead of them. They go up the steps to the platform, go around one end of the wall passing out of sight as if they had entered the gate of the city. As the people come and disappear in this manner, the murmur of voices grows louder behind the wall and palm branches appear above the top of the wall, moved back and forth by hands of unseen people. The waving of palm branches continues. Some hands are seen above the wall waving scarfs, the voices begin to cry,* "Hosanna, Hosanna, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Hosanna to the Son of David." "Hosanna in the Highest!" *As the last triumphant chorus of voices rings out, a light shines above the wall, and moves slowly along amid the waving palms and scarfs, and against the domes and towers of the city, until it goes entirely out of sight at one end of the scene. The waving palms move with the light, the voices go with it and as all disappear the curtains are drawn together.*

Service between Scenes II and III

CONGREGATION SINGS FIRST AND LAST VERSE OF FOLLOWING HYMN:

Veni Emmanuel

French Missal Melody of Thirteenth Century

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of Glory waits,
The Prince of Peace is drawing near,
The hope of laughing hearts is here;
The end of all our woe he brings
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heavens employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy,
So shall your sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Scene III

Characters

Boy

Widow of the Mite

Pharisees (3)

Youth

Scribe

Greeks (3)

Woman of Canaan

(*The same road from Bethany to Jerusalem. Twilight deepening into dusk, and finally darkness as the scene develops. The* Boy *is sitting on the stone—watching eagerly up the Jerusalem road.*)

Boy: It is long since the sun has set, long since I gave the last traveller a cup of cold water; and yet no one returns to bring me tidings of the Master, and the greatness of His Kingdom this day.

(*Then looking more eagerly and jumping up as a figure appears in the distance coming this time down the road toward Bethany.*)

Boy: Stay, one comes and I shall hear of the wonders of this day in Jerusalem.

(*He awaits expectantly the approaching travellers. It is the* Widow of the Mite *followed by the* Youth. *She comes nearer, her face transfigured with joy, walking erect, almost with a majesty of presence. She does not see the* Boy *until he touches her timidly on the shoulder.*)

BOY: Didst thou see him, Woman?

WIDOW (*exultantly*): You still here, lad? Yea, I saw the Master!

(*She sits down on the stone, almost as if in a dream—clasps her hands around her knees and looks off toward Jerusalem as if seeing a wonderful vision.*)

(*The* Youth *has come up to the* Boy *now and placing his hand on the* Boy's *arm and calling his attention to the* Widow *speaks to him softly as if not wishing to disturb the* Woman's *contemplation.*)

YOUTH: She came a poor widow to the treasury. She threw in two mites and Jesus called unto his disciples, and saith unto them, "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living."

BOY (*as they stand together*): "The Souls of the righteous are in the hands of God and there shall no evil touch them." *Wisdom 3*

(*The* BOY *pours water into his cup and offers it to the* WIDOW. *She takes the cup still dreamily, then rises, returns the cup to the* BOY, *touches his forehead with her lips and goes off the platform still walking in a kind of joyous wonder.*)

YOUTH: O lad I have much of wonder to tell thee of this day!

(*He is interrupted by the entrance of the* PHARISEES. *They look distraught and glance about in a disturbed manner. As they hesitate, uncertain which way to go, the* BOY *observes them.*)

BOY (*in a voice of derision*): Ah, ye who went out to see the Prophet? What saw ye, oh ye of little faith?

YOUTH (*turning toward the* PHARISEES *in quick retort*): O ye Pharisees, it was you the Lord rebuked when he said today, "Woe unto you Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye shut the Kingdom of Heaven against men. For ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of

hypocrisy and iniquity."

(*The* Pharisees *look at the* Boy *and* Youth *in strange hesitancy and embarrassment. Then one of the* Pharisees *taking the others by their garments starts to draw them away, while speaking to them in a puzzled way yet with certain disdain.*)

ONE PHARISEE: Perceive ye, how we prevail nothing? Behold the world is gone after him.

(*The* Pharisees *shaking their heads disappear.*)

YOUTH (*in eager excitement*): Oh lad, lad, could ye but have seen the Master—he rode through the streets in triumph, the people crying hosannas, and spreading their garments before him. Some of the Pharisees cried out unto him as the multitudes shouted, "Master, rebuke thy disciples," and Jesus saith, "I tell you that if these shall hold their peace the very stones will cry out."

(*The* Boy *stands breathless with joy while the* Youth *speaks.*)

BOY (*clasping his hands*): Lord who hath believed our reports and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

(*Enter the* Scribe. *Walks slowly and in deep thought. Stands gazing off in contemplation.*)

YOUTH: See, lad, the Scribe (*pointing to him*). He came and asked Jesus, "Which is the first Commandment of all?"

BOY (*approaching the* Scribe): What answered Jesus?

SCRIBE (*in solemnity and reverence*): The first of all the Commandments is Hear O Irsael, the Lord our God is our Lord—and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first Commandment, and the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—there is none other Commandment greater than these.

(*The* Scribe *goes over and sits on the stone, takes his ink and scroll and writes.*)

BOY (*to* Youth): What said the Scribe unto Jesus?

YOUTH: He said, "Well, Master, thou hast said truth for there is one God; and there is none other but he; and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the soul, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbor as himself, is more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices."

(*While the* Boy *and* Youth *are talking the* Scribe *replaces his inkhorn and paper, rises from the stone and starts to walk away slowly —wrapped in meditation.*)

BOY: And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, what said he unto the Scribe?

YOUTH: He said, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

(*The* Boy *listens attentively and watches in wonder the* Scribe *pass out of sight.*)

(*The* Greeks *enter. The* Boy *turns to them eagerly.*)

BOY (*as the* Scribe *disappears*): What said He to you?

ONE GREEK (*thoughtfully speaking*): Jesus answered saying, "The hour is come that the Son of Man be glorified. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve me let him follow."

SECOND GREEK: It was as an angel spake to him.

(*They pass on, thoughtful and serious. The* Boy *stands looking after them all with wonder in his face, and then going over to his water jug opens it and looks in. The light has been fading until now it is quite dusk.*)

BOY: So the day is almost gone and I have not seen the Christ. There is just water enough for one to drink from my cup.

YOUTH: Perhaps even yet it may be that Jesus will pass this way. He may pass another night in the home of Mary and Martha.

Boy: So I may still see him, give him the last cup of water, and spread this last palm branch before him.

(*The* Boy *sits down against the stone.*)

Youth (*looking fondly at the* Boy): Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him; and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.

(*As the* Youth *goes out of sight down the road away from Jerusalem the* Woman of Canaan *comes in walking wearily with evidence of exhaustion. The* Boy *jumps up and goes toward her, takes her by the arm as if to help her and leads her to the stone. The* Woman *sinks down on the ground exhausted leaning against the stone.*)

Woman of Canaan: O child, a drink of that cold water!

(*The* Boy *hesitates, looks up the road to see if* the Christ *is coming, nervously clasps and unclasps his hands—gets up and approaches the water jug, hesitates, looks at the weary woman against the stone.*)

Boy (*to himself anxiously*): There is but one drink of water in my jug. What if I should give it to this Woman of Canaan, and my Master, Jesus, still be coming.

WOMAN: A drink—a drink.

(*The* Boy *looks once more up the road, then with despairing gesture, pours out the last cup of water and takes it quickly and holds it gently for the* Woman *to drink. The* Woman *drinks eagerly.*)

WOMAN: Peace be unto thee, child.

BOY (*leaning gently over the* Woman *asks in quick eagerness*): Oh, Woman, didst thou too see the Lord?

WOMAN: Nay, child, I saw Him not—too weary I grew, and faint, and needs must rest on the hill without the walls of Jerusalem. I heard thus far away the shouts, the hosannas, the people acclaiming Him.

BOY (*slowly and sadly*): Then, thou and I, Woman, have not seen our Lord and Master. (*Shaking his head sadly.*) We have not cried hosannas unto him this day.

WOMAN: Nay, child, but there were those, I am told, in Jerusalem whose lips cried hosannas but whose hearts denied Him.

BOY (*exultantly*): O, had we been there we would have worshipped Him in spirit and in truth!

(Boy *sits down close beside the* Woman, *intently listening to her.*)

WOMAN: We did not see Him, child—thou and I have

not seen Him, but we believe. Thou hast watched for Him and given water to the thirsty, and rest to the weary, and I have sought Him lovingly in a long journey.

Boy: Then he comes not back this way?

Woman: Nay—he sits on the Mount of Olives this night and mourns for Jerusalem.

Boy: Let us wait here together even though he may not return this way; even though the water is gone and the palm branches withered.

Woman: Did he not say, blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching?

Boy: And he will know though you and I may not have been to Jerusalem yet have we loved him.

Woman (*quietly and earnestly and as if in meditation*): Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

(*Darkness increases. The* Woman *leans against the* Boy *and falls asleep. The* Boy *still looks up the dark road. It is quite dark on the stage now and suddenly a bright light shines above the two figures over the road to Jerusalem. The* Boy *rises quickly waking the* Woman *and together they stand hand in hand and gaze at the light in joyous wonder. A voice is heard saying the following verses.*)

VOICE: I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life. While ye have light, believe in the light and ye may be children of light.

Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.

(*As the preceding verses are being said the* Woman *and* Boy *follow the light slowly with faces uplifted in mystified wonder until the light leads them from the platform.*)

(*The lights are still dim in the hall.*)

PRAYER SAID BY MINISTER AND CONGREGATION:

"Grant, O Lord, that as his disciples welcomed Christ with waving palms and cries of joy so we may receive him into our hearts and homes with songs of gladness. And as we carry with us these branches hallowed by his memory may we take with us also his gracious and courageous spirit to bless and fortify us in the ways of faithful service." *Amen.* H. E. B. S.

(*All the lights are on now.*)

Congregation sings the following hymn:

Tune, Meditation *John Henry Gower*

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best.
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed.

He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long
We lose him not, unsought.

Everywhere his Holy Place
If love unseal the eyes
And everywhere the waiting face
To welcome and surprise.

William Channing Gannett

Suggestions for Presentation

The Boy *should wear a simple white garment coming just below the knees, belted in with a bright blue girdle. Around the neck and hem simple stencil designs in dull gold. A short loose coat of blue—bare legs and sandals—no headdress, but carries on his head a water jug, tall and of simple design.* Martha *and* Mary *in blue and dull red, designed according to directions under Paragraph 1 in the* Appendix. *The* Centurion *should follow the costume of a* Roman Centurion *of that time. The armor made as described in Paragraph 2*

in the Appendix. *The* Servant *wears simple armor under a long wrapped cloak, dark helmet, close fitting. The* Greeks *in short tunics, with girdles, and square robes fastened about their shoulders falling in cape fashion behind; feet and legs bound in strips of burlap; Greek bands about their heads, or a fold of their mantles covering the head; they carry staffs. The* Widow of the Mite *in dark gray, with veil lined with white as headdress. The* Pharisees *in costumes as described in Paragraph 1 in the* Appendix, *except that materials and colors must be both rich and brilliant. The* Scribe *costumed according to sketch in the* Appendix. *The* Disciples *as described in Paragraph 1 in the* Appendix. *A* Woman of Canaan *in dull lavender with purple and white headdress in design as described in Paragraph 1. A* Youth *according to description under Paragraph 1; some* Pilgrims *also following these descriptions.*

Service of Worship for Easter

Easter Service

CHARACTERS

Mary Magdalene

Mary, Mother of Jesus

Salome

John

Simon Peter

Didymus

Introduction to the Dramatic Service of Worship for Easter

It is hoped, in arranging this service of worship for Easter, that the idea of immortality of the divine spirit of man may be presented in a vivid and impelling way.

As the Christmas Story in the Bible gives the idea of the birth of man's divine spirit into the world with the inspiration of rich symbolism, so the story of the first Easter with its truth of the immortality of the divine spirit, should be given to the younger generation through the same interpretation of mysticism.

As music is a great part of the Christmas festival, richly given in old carols, so the Easter services should be in a large part musical. Therefore an old Easter carol of Volckmar Leisring, 1637, significantly called "O filii et filiæ," has been chosen for the central idea in this symbolic service. The dramatic action is given by members of the church school to interpret for themselves the spiritual message of the story of the first Easter as given in St. Mark and the words of the old carol.

As the dramatic action develops the truth is revealed that their divine master could not be found in any sepulchre, that his immortal spirit had risen indeed. The keynote of the service should be joy, radiant hope and fulfillment of faith in the declaration to Thomas: "Blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed."

The Easter story should be told to members of the church school in preparation for the symbolic service, helping them to understand the enduring spiritual truth underlying the literal experience of the first Easter.

This service should of course be given in the church itself, that the whole surroundings may contribute to the sense of worship sought for in the symbolic service.

Processional Hymn

Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who died once upon the cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the cross and grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above Alleluia!
Praise eternal as his love; Alleluia!
Praise him, all ye heav'nly throng,
Alleluia!
Praises to our God belong. Alleluia!

The members of the church school who portray the characters in the dramatic episode, should come into the church in costume to the Processional Hymn with the whole church school. The two Marys *and* Salome *should sit in middle aisle seats, well toward back of church.* John *on one side aisle,* Peter *and* Didymus *on the other. They start their respective parts in action from these points.*

—Prayer of Consecration—

"Behold O Lord we come unto thee. Behold in Thee is all whatsoever we can or ought to desire. Thy grace is the mistress of truth, and the light of the heart. Thou art our hope, our strength, our honour and our glory. Make joyful therefore this day the souls of thy children."

(*From the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis.*)

Prayer said by Minister and Congregation.

FOLLOWING VERSES FROM ST. JOHN AND ST. MARK

BOY: "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."

GIRL: "I am the good Shepherd and I know mine own and mine own know me even as the father knoweth me and I know the father."

BOY: "My sheep hear my voice and I know them and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life."

BOTH: "Verily, verily, I say unto you he that heareth my word, and believeth in him that sent me, hath eternal life; for I am come that men may have life and that they may have it abundantly." *St. John*

To be said by a boy and girl in the congregation.

The girl should sit in a pew on one side of the middle aisle toward the very front of the church; the boy in a pew on the side opposite the girl.

They speak in antiphonal form—the final verse being said together.

And when the Sabbath was past Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the Mother of James, and Salome had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week they came into the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, "Who shall roll away the

Scripture reading by the Minister.

The congregation is seated at the beginning of the reading.

stone from the door of the sepulchre?" And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great. And they saw a young man sitting clothed in a long white garment . . . He saith unto them: "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth . . . he is risen, he is not here. But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee."

The congregation is seated at the beginning of the reading.

The Easter carol starts at once with its first joyful Alleluia.

Hymnus Paschalis

O filii et filiæ,
Rex celestis, rex gloriæ
Morte surrexit hodie.
Alleluja!

Et mane prima Sabbati
Ad ostium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli.
Alleluja!

Et Maria Magdalene,
Et Jacobi, et Salome
Venerunt corpus ungere.
Alleluja!

As the second verse begins John *and* Peter *start down the aisles where they have been sitting toward the front of church, walking slowly.*

The two Marys *and* Salome *leave their pews, meet in center aisle, clasp hands, bow their heads gravely in great dignity.*

The organist plays an interlude of the music of the carol. Without the voices and words.

Chorus starts again.

Et Johannes apostolus
Cucurrit Petro citius,
Monumento venit prius.
Alleluja!

They start down the aisle toward the pulpit, pointing out to each other in silence the lilies above the pulpit.

They meet John *in front of church at the steps of the chancel.* Peter *is still loitering on his way.*

An organ interlude of the music of carol, without voices and words.

At this point in the action voices sing

In albis sedens angelus
Predixit mulieribus:
"In Galilea est Dominus."
Alleluja!

The two Marys, Salome *and* John *greet each other silently, without clasping hands.* Mary Magdalene *points to the lilies arranged above the pulpit. The four now go up the chancel steps and as they reach the pulpit a brilliant and beautiful light appears about the lilies. They start in amazement. A suggestion of fear, then joyous wonder as they clasp their hands and stand as if transfixed in joy.* John *leaves the women and in restrained excitement goes back to meet* Peter *who has now reached the chancel steps.* John *grasps* Peter *by the arm in breathless excitement, points to the lilies in their glory of light.* Peter *breaks away from* John, *and in great haste joins the women and assumes with them an attitude of joyous wonder.*

An organ interlude of the music of the carol without the voices.

At this point in action the voices sing

Discipulis adstantibus,
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens: "Pax vobis omnibus."
Alleluja!

The organist plays an interlude of the carol without the voices and words.

At this point in the action, voices sing

Ut intellexit Didymus
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius.
Alleluja!

A short organ interlude

"Vide, Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incredulus."
Alleluja!

Quando Thomas vidit Christum,
Pedes, manus, latus suum,
Dixit: "Tu es Dues meus!"
Alleluja!

Beati qui non viderunt
Et firmiter crediderunt;
Vitam eternam habebunt.
Alleluja!

In hoc festo sanctissimo
Sit laus et jubilatio;
Benedicamus Domino!
Alleluja!

Ex quibus nos humillimas
Devotas atque debitas
Deo dicamus gracias!
Alleluja!

Alleluja! Alleluja! Alleluja!
Amen.

John *turns and sees* Didymus *approaching the front of the church.* Didymus *comes slowly in perplexity and doubt.* John *takes him by the arm drawing him toward the chancel steps.* John *tries to make him look up at the lilies.* Didymus *will not look up, he shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders, scrapes his toes along the floor—portrays dull and dismal unbelief. At this moment these words are sung,* Didymus *raises his head, shows eagerness, looks up where* John *is pointing, sees the lilies in their heavenly light, grasps* John *in exultant wonder and joy—raises his hands toward the light.*

The figures grouped above in the chancel about the light, and John *and* Didymus *below, all in their joy of beholding the vision, form a tableau while the Latin carol is ended.*

Thirteenth Century French: Auctoris Inerti. Sarum Mode V. With alleluias.

Organ plays softly. *Tableau remains.*

The Bach Chorale sounds forth in all its triumph. *Tableau remains.*

"The blessed Christ is risen today, Allelulia. *Bach Chorale.*

Of all mankind he is the stay, Alleluia."

The following verses are given in Plain song by two members of Choir:

1: "In him was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. *The figures remain in Tableau.*
2: And the Light shineth in the darkness and the darkness overcame it not.
1: The true Light was that which lighteth every man coming into the world.
2: The Path of the Just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
1: I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life.

Both: Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light."

"In thy light O God, we see life; through a power that is greater than our own, mystic and wonderful, we live. That light is still growing, that Life is still increasing in its meaning and its power. Make us to feel, make us to know that we are thy children and that as children of God we look up to that power above us, to that everlasting light of infinite love about us, so that we may know the path of the just is as a shining light that groweth more and more unto the perfect day."

S. McC. C.

Prayer said by Minister and Congregation.

Recessional Hymn

The light along the ages
Shines higher as it goes;
From age to age more glorious
Its radiant splendor grows.
Man's life begun so lowly.
Now soars to heaven above
To share in life eternal
The joys of endless love.

Wherever goodness reigneth
The soul of Christ lives on
And every Christ-like spirit
Shall rise where he hath gone;
Earth's dust hath served its mission
Henceforth the soul is free
And through the heights of being
Ascends, O God, to thee!

The church school goes out in a body while singing this hymn and those portraying the characters in the dramatic episode come down from the chancel and pass out in the recessional.

The light above and about the lilies should remain throughout the entire service and until the last person has left the church.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRESENTATION

It is well to have certain members of the church school with the usual church choir sing the Easter carol and the special anthem. Rehearsals of this special music by the group chosen for the singing will of course be necessary.

The carol should be sung in a rippling joyous way, the action at the same time should portray restrained excitement and finally exultant wonder and joy. A few careful rehearsals with the members of the church school giving the dramatic actions are required in order to insure their portraying impressively in pantomime the story of the carol. This dramatic action is carried on during the singing of the carol interpreting to the congregation in dignified and simple pantomime the emotions and experience of the characters of the story.

The characters are costumed according to the description in the Appendix *under Hebrew Costumes. The women in light gray with white veils, the* Disciples *in brown and green shades of rough material.*

The central point of dramatic appeal must be the Easter lilies, arranged in the most important place in the chancel against a hanging gold in color. These lilies will give the most impressive effect if they are three tall plants, arranged one, the tallest, in the centre, the other two, shorter and the same height, one on either

side, suggesting the cross. The light, which must be thrown upon this central point at the exact dramatic moment in the service, has been obtained by high power electric bulbs placed out of sight below the lilies, with a reflector. If electricity cannot be procured as impressive an effect can be obtained by using high candlesticks, one on either side of the lilies, with tall church candles. At the culminating point in the dramatic episode these may be lighted with a taper by a mystical figure in white.

It is well to have the story of the old carol given quite literally in translation on the Special Service Sheets for Easter.

Dramatic Service for May and June

The Bond of Fellowship

ADAPTATION OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL."

CHARACTERS

Sir Launfal

The Old Knight

The Guard at the Gate

Three Minstrels

Pages (2)

The Beggar

Young Knights (2)

A Reader (at one side, in front of the church facing Congregation)

This service has been given in the sanctuary adapting the action to the chancel. The Pages *enter during Hymn, and stand back in the chancel as far as possible. The culminating action of* Sir Launfal *and* The Beggar *should be between the* Pages *in centre of chancel. If it is desired to present it with more dramatic setting, outdoors or indoors, the following outline is given:*

A little green space surrounded by trees. Through the centre running from the back to the front of scene a wall should be suggested with a gate closed in the centre. On the right side of the wall are flowers growing, rosebushes and flowering shrubs. In the centre, at the extreme side, are a few stone steps with dark pines close beside them and growing archlike above the steps. These are the steps leading into the castle. At each side stands a Page *with a trumpet.*

On the other side of the wall, at left of scene, a narrow road or path leads off into the woods. A stream is suggested near the road by stones and bushes. At the side of the road toward the congregation, lies The Beggar *covered with his rags—hardly to be recognized as a person as he crouches there. The* Knight *on guard stands on the side of the gate away from castle.*

Opening Service

Hymn for the congregation:

Lyons *Arranged from Johann Michael Haydn*

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

Thy bounteous care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

Prayer said by minister and congregation:

"O Lord, we thank thee for the blessed fellowship of all faithful people who have loved and labored and suffered for others since the world began. Give us grace henceforth to continue in the fellowship of that glorious army which strives to conquer sin and evil and to make this earth at last thy Kingdom of love and peace."

(*As the prayer ends, two* Knights *in armor come into the church. One from the right side and one from the left. They take their places each side of chancel, turn toward the congregation and speak the following lines* [*if the service is given indoors*], *while the organ plays a theme from the scene of "The Grail Knights" in Wagner's "Parsifal."*)

From James Russell Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

FIRST KNIGHT:

Over his keys the musing organist
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay.

SECOND KNIGHT:

Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed, by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

(*If it is an outdoor service the preceding verses are omitted with the organ music, and the following lines are given from "The Vision of Sir Launfal."*

FIRST KNIGHT:

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;

Its arm outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicte;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Second Knight (*to be said indoors or outdoors*):

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

(*The* Pages *put their trumpets to their lips and blow a clear note.*)

(Three Minstrels *come forward from the side of chancel or where the castle is suggested; they are playing quaint little old instruments, harp and banjo-like pieces, and singing an old melody. The musical instruments are given in drawing sketches in the Appendix.*)

(*As the* Minstrels *play* Sir Launfal *and his old servant, a* Knight *also in arms, come in at side chancel door or down the castle steps.* Sir Launfal *sits down on a marble bench at the side of steps nearer the congregation.* The old knight *stands looking down at him in a troubled way.* Sir Launfal *seems discontented, and detached from the life about. The* Minstrels *stand near the* Pages *playing the tune and singing the little verse.*)

The Minstrel Boy

Community Song Book *Old Irish Melody*
Concord Series

The minstrel fell but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved never spoke again
For he tore its chords asunder
And said "No chains shall sully thee
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy tones were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

(Sir Launfal *sighs deeply, and rests his head in his hand in a morose, unhappy manner. The* Minstrels *pass out of church or up the stone steps and out of sight.*)

(The Old Knight *puts his hand on* Sir Launfal's *shoulder and he and* Sir Launfal *act in pantomime their feelings as the* Reader *gives the words.*)

THE READER (*in an exultant mood*):

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing,
That skies are blue, and grass is growing—"

(Sir Launfal *despondently, points to the direction of the castle, gray and old.*)

THE READER (*continuing*):

"The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be
Save to lord or lady of high degree.
Summer beseiged it on every side
But the churlish stone her assaults defied."

THE OLD KNIGHT (*as if still determined to change the mood of the brooding young knight*):

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how:
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving:
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living."

(*As the* Old Knight *finishes, a vision of the veiled angel holding the* Holy Grail *appears at the back of chancel against a gold hanging or against the trees. The vision should correspond to the* Angel *with the* Grail *in the Abbey Series of* Sir Galahad, Sir Launfal *and the* Old Knight *see it;* Sir Launfal *rises as if in a spell, the* Old Knight *grasps his arm, and they stand breathless and awestruck before the vision. Slowly the vision fades from view and after a moment's wondering silence the* Old

Knight *speaks in a breathless, just audible tone.*)

THE OLD KNIGHT:

"What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?"

SIR LAUNFAL (*suddenly as if emerging from some magic spell, in vibrant excited tones*):

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail!"

(*The* Old Knight *goes quickly out of chancel door or through the archway of dark pines, up the stone steps that lead to the castle, showing joyous haste in going for* Sir Launfal's *armor.*)

SIR LAUNFAL (*alone, wonderingly and confidently*):

"Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth."

(*The* Old Knight *returns with the shining armor, shield and sword; fastens the armor on to* Sir Launfal, *hands him the sword and shield.*)

SIR LAUNFAL (*in eager declaration as he stands proud in his shining armor*):

"Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep!"

(Sir Launfal *kneels at the* Old Knight's *feet, who blesses him;* Sir Launfal *kisses the* Old Knight's *hand. The* Pages *blow their trumpets,* Sir Launfal *starts down the chancel steps or the gate is swung open by the* Knight *on guard outside, and* Sir Launfal, *young, proud, eager, goes forth.*)

THE OLD KNIGHT (*in admiration watching* Sir Launfal *go*):

"Sir Launfal, the maiden Knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright.
(*A little pause*)—so young and strong
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

(*The* Old Knight *goes solemnly now, shaking his head sadly, out of chancel door or back up the stone steps into the Castle.*)

THE READER:

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

(Sir Launfal *has reached the* Beggar *at the side of the road just below the chancel steps or near the little stream; he sees the* Beggar, *who has crept out in the road in front of him, stops suddenly, draws away as if in disgust, holding his shield close to him, his hand on the hilt of his sword. He acts in pantomime the meaning of the lines as given by the* Reader.)

THE BEGGAR (*raising himself slightly from his rags*):
"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms."

(Sir Launfal *shrugging his shoulders, a smile of utter contempt on his face, tosses him "a piece of gold in scorn," and walks past.*)

THE BEGGAR (*looks at the gold in disgust and shame, and raises it not from the dust. Lifting himself straighter, the* Beggar *speaks*):
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;

That is no true alms which the hand can hold:
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul, that was stormy in darkness before."

(Sir Launfal *has paused to listen to the* Beggar, *but looks back at him in a perfectly indifferent, half amused way, then shrugging his shoulders as if shaking himself free from a creature so debased, he goes proudly and unconcerned upon his quest up the church aisle out of the center door.*)

(*The* Beggar *looks despairingly after* Sir Launfal, *who gradually disappears through the forest. Then the* Beggar *sinks back once more into his rags and lies there immovable.*)

FIRST KNIGHT (*from his side of chancel*):

"Oh brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

SECOND KNIGHT:

To worship rightly is to love each other
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

Whittier

CONGREGATION SINGS THE FOLLOWING HYMN:

St. Hugh *Edward John Hopkins*

"Go not, my soul, in search of him
Thou wilt not find him there,
Or in the depths of shadow dim
Or heights of upper air—

For not in far off realms of space
The spirit hath its throne,
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known."

Words by *Frederick Lucian Hosmer*

THE READER (*from his side*):

"There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
Dawn swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek."

(Sir Launfal *returns from the direction he went, down centre aisle; only now he is old, bent and ragged.*)

THE READER (*as he gives the following,* Sir Launfal *acts as the words describe*):

"Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate
For another heir in his earldom sate;
Sir Launfal, old, bent, worn out and frail
Had come back from seeking the Holy Grail;

Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore
The badge of the suffering and the poor."

(Sir Launfal *moves slowly up the chancel steps or to the gate in the wall. The* Guard *steps forward and blocks his way haughtily.* Sir Launfal *looks at the* Guard *as if imploring him to remember his former master. A burst of music from the distant hall of the castle, and the sound of singing are heard.*)

SIR LAUNFAL (*shaking his head despairingly*):
"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

(Sir Launfal *realizes that his heritage has fallen into other hands, and bewildered, he turns away from the threatening* Guard, *and moves down toward the congregation.*)

SIR LAUNFAL (*stands calm and with hands upraised as if in prayer, says the following lines from* John Oxenham's *poem*):

Oh God
"Take away my rags!
Take away my sin!
Strip me all bare
Of that I did wear,

The foul rags, the base rags
The rude and the mean,
Strip me all bare of that I have been—"

THE BEGGAR (*half rising but in a half audible voice*):

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms."

(Sir Launfal *listens as if aware of some sound, but not yet seeing the* Beggar, *continues.*)

SIR LAUNFAL:

"And then—oh then
Clothe me again
In garments of Light—
In the robes of thy ruth
In Purity, Truth—
And vest me with armor
And name me thy Knight,
And gird me with justice
And arm me with right—
Then I'll win Thee fair kingdoms
Sweet kingdoms of light,
I will win from the night,
To the glory of God
And my Lord's high delight!"

THE BEGGAR (*who is still lying at foot of chancel steps or at the castle gate, speaks aloud rising a little more*):

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms—"

(Sir Launfal *starts, sees the* Beggar, *looks earnestly, wonderingly at him, then goes quickly to his side, kneels in tender and merciful pity beside him.*)

SIR LAUNFAL:

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree

Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns—
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold through him, I give to thee—"

(Sir Launfal, *taking some bread from his wallet, breaks his crust of bread, and gives to the* Man—*he dips his wooden bowl into the stream and gives him a drink.*)

THE READER:

" 'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul."

(*Pauses, then continues.*)

"As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man."

(*As the lines are read, the* Beggar *rises slowly, in great dignity; his rags fall from him, and he stands forth, "Shining and tall and fair and straight," in beautiful gleaming garments. He should stand on top of chancel steps,* Sir Launfal *remains kneeling below, looking up in wonder at the gleaming vision of a man.*)

THE READER (*exultantly*):

"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail.
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee:
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

SIR LAUNFAL (*looks in wonder and as if realizing the vision*):

"Oh Brother
In every soul of all mankind
Somewhat of Christ I find.
Somewhat of Christ—and thee—
For in each one there surely dwells
That something which most surely spells
Life's immortality.

(Sir Launfal *rises from his knees, takes the outstretched hands of the* Beggar.)

SIR LAUNFAL:

And so for love of Christ and thee,
I will not cease to seek and find
In all mankind,

That hope of immortality
Which dwells so sacramentally
In Christ—and thee."

John Oxenham

(*The* Knight *on guard stands spellbound in wonder during the transfiguration of the* Beggar, *and at the close of* Sir Launfal's *lines from* John Oxenham's *poem the* Knight *goes forward and kneels at the feet of* Sir Launfal, *who blesses him. The* Knight *then joyously leads them up the chancel or opens the gate and stands in a noble and reverential way, as* Sir Launfal *and the* Beggar *pass through. As they approach the castle steps, the* Two Pages *blow their trumpets—the theme from the* Grail Knights *in Parsifal is heard again. As the two stand between the* Pages *in the chancel or at the foot of the stone steps in uplifted joy,* Sir Launfal *speaks in a spirit of exaltation.*)

SIR LAUNFAL:

"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;"

(*Holding out his shield and sword to the* Pages, *who take them, then continues.*)

"He must be fenced with stronger mail,
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail!"

(*The* Knight *on guard at chancel steps or at the gate crosses his arms over his breast and remains so in tableau to the end.*)

FIRST KNIGHT:

"Put on the whole armor of God,
And take the helmet of salvation and the
Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

SECOND KNIGHT:

"Stand therefore having your loins girt about
With truth, and having on the breastplate
Of righteousness, and your feet shod
With the preparation of the Gospel of Peace."

THE READER:

Jesus said,
"A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another.
By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another."

CLOSING HYMN SUNG BY CONGREGATION:

All Saints New *Henry Stephen Cutler*

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled
Who joins the glorious host?
He who in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth—
He joins the noble host!

He who no anger on his tongue
  Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst all wrong—
  He joins the sacred host!
He who with calm undaunted will,
  Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But though defeated battles still,—
  He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
  The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,
  He joins the martyr host!
All these, the messengers of God,
  To every age and boast
Proclaim his righteous will abroad,—
  One glad triumphant host!

Samuel Longfellow

Suggestions for Presentation

Sir Launfal *should be costumed according to the sketch in the* Appendix. *The* Old Knight *in similar costume but dull in color, with a dark cape hanging from shoulders. The* Guard *and the two young* Knights *also in suits similar to* Sir Launfal *but much simpler and without helmets. The* Pages *costumed according to the sketch in the* Appendix. *The* Minstrels *in costumes similar to those of the* Pages *but in different coloring.*

Dramatic Service of Worship for Midsummer *

St. Francis of Assisi

SERVICE OF SELF-CONSECRATION

CHARACTERS

St. Francis

Brother Bernardo

Brother Masseo

Brother Leo

Brother Elias

Brother Juniper

The Youth; later Brother Angelo

The Sacristan

Six peasants

An outdoor scene to suggest a little place outside Assisi, "where was a fair fountain and beside it a fair broad stone whereon each laid the alms he collected."

* *Especially adapted for Outdoors.*

Opening Service

Hymn for the congregation:

The Turf Shall be my fragrant Shrine

Johann Sebastian Bach

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple Lord, that arch of Thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murmuring homeward in their caves
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music breathes of thee.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul shall see
Some feature of thy Deity.

Words by *Thomas Moore*

Prayer said by minister and congregation:

"O Lord, how needful is thy grace for me, to begin any good work, to go forward and to accomplish it. For without thee I can do nothing, but in Thee I can do all things, when thy grace doth comfort me. O most blessed Grace, that maketh the poor in spirit rich with virtues, and the rich in many blessings humble in heart, come down and dwell in me." *Amen.* *Thomas à Kempis*

(*Voices are heard singing, as if in the distance, then gradually louder as the singers come nearer.*)

UNSEEN VOICES (*in plain song*) : O most high, almighty, Good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honor and all blessing!

(*As the last word is sung* St. Francis *and* Brother Bernardo *come walking on to the scene with their staffs in their hands.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*taking* Brother Bernardo *by the arm and pointing up eagerly into a tree*) : See, Brother Bernardo, Sister Lark hath a cowl like a Religious and she is a humble bird. But flying she praises God very sweetly like a good Religious.

BROTHER BERNARDO (*looking up into the tree, then back at* St. Francis, *somewhat puzzled*) : Yea, little Father Francis, but Sister Lark hath food at hand, but on what shall our brethren live who shall dwell in the woods?

ST. FRANCIS: Christ hath said, I will feed them as I feed the sons of Israel with Manna in the desert. (*Then looking up into the trees.*) Brother birds, you ought to praise and love your Creator very much. He has given you feathers for clothing, wings for flying, and all that is needful for you.

BROTHER BERNARDO (*looking up into the trees in great amazement and in a hushed voice*) : See, dearest

Father, how they are clustering about you in the trees!

ST. FRANCIS (*continuing gently as if to the birds*): He has made you the noblest of all his creatures; he permits you to live in the pure air; you have neither to sow nor to reap, and yet he takes care of you, watches over you and guides you.

BROTHER BERNARDO (*in earnest thought*): "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head."

ST. FRANCIS (*putting his hand on* Brother Bernardo's *arm*): "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me."

BROTHER BERNARDO (*putting his hand on* St. Francis *shoulder and speaking earnestly*): Oh, little Father, I have already fully determined in my heart to forsake the world and obey thee in all things thou commandest me.

ST. FRANCIS (*deeply touched*): Bernardo this that thou tellest is a work so great and so difficult, that it behooves thee to seek counsel of thy God.

(*They stand silent a moment together, a voice humming a little tune is heard and* Brother Masseo *enters carrying several loaves of bread and a jug of wine.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*going hastily and eagerly toward* Brother Masseo) : Ah, Brother Masseo we are not worthy of so great a treasure!

BROTHER MASSEO (*places the loaves and jug on the flat stone then turns to* St. Francis) : Dearest Father, how can that be called a treasure when there is poverty so great and such lack of needful things? (*Pointing about.*) Here is neither cloth, nor knife, nor trencher, nor bowl, nor house, nor table, nor manservant, nor maidservant.

ST. FRANCIS (*joyously, clapping his hands in glee*) : And this is what I hold to be a great treasure; where there is no dwelling made by human hands, but all is prepared for us by divine providence, even as is made manifest by the bread we have collected on this table of stone, so fair, and this fountain, so clear.

BROTHER BERNARDO (*quietly and thoughtfully*) : Aye. "Take nothing with ye on the way."

ST. FRANCIS: Therefore I desire that we pray unto God that he may make us love with all our hearts this noble treasure of holy poverty that hath God for its servitor.

(*Enter* Brother Leo *carrying a loaf of bread and another jug of wine.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*greeting him*) : The Lord give thee peace, Brother Leo.

BROTHER LEO (*addressing* St. Francis): And to thee, Father. (*He stoops to place the bread and jug on the stone, then still stooping drinks from the fountain, taking the water up in his hand.*)

BROTHER LEO (*still kneeling beside the fountain*): Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean. (*As he rises from his knees* St. Francis *addresses him.*)

ST. FRANCIS: O, Brother Leo, may it please God, that the Brothers Minor all over the world may give a great example of holiness; however, note with care that not in this is perfect joy.

BROTHER LEO (*earnestly*): Little Father, tell us in what is perfect joy to be found?

ST. FRANCIS: O, Brother Leo, little sheep of God, here and in this is perfect joy found. Above all the grace, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, that Christ giveth to His beloved, is that of overcoming self, and for love of Him willingly to bear pain and buffetings and revilings and discomfort; for in none other of God's gifts save these may we glory, seeing they are not ours but of God.

(*A noise is heard of altercation, and the sound of running feet. The* Sacristan's *voice cries out, "See what thou hast done," and* Brother Juniper *is protesting, "Nay, nay—"*)

(*At this moment* Brother Juniper, *in a ragged tunic and without a cowl, runs in followed by a young* Sacristan *who shows great anger. He carries a brilliant altar hanging with a ragged edge, as if some one had torn or roughly cut away the edge of the material. The* Sacristan *holds the piece before* St. Francis.)

THE SACRISTAN (*in angry excitement to* St. Francis): Father, I demand of you justice on Brother Juniper (*pointing to the ragged* Friar), who hath spoiled this hanging for me, that was the most precious thing in our sacristy.

ST. FRANCIS (*despairingly*): What hath my brother Juniper done?

THE SACRISTAN (*holding out the hanging to* St. Francis): Look now, how he hath destroyed it, by stripping off all the little silver bells, and he saith he hath given them away to a poor woman.

ST. FRANCIS (*sadly*): "O Brother Juniper, what great need fell on thee that thou shouldst give away the bells of Holy Church?"

BROTHER JUNIPER (*shaking his head sadly*): My cowl I have given away; my girdle and staff; and my tunic, thou hast laid on me, by holy obedience, not to give away again. This hanging was richly and sumptuously adorned with little silver bells; they were but a superfluity. (*Turning in sweet and*

gentle pleading to the Sacristan.) Be not troubled about those bells, for I have given them to a poor woman that had very great need of them, and there they were of no use, save that they made a show of worldly pomp.

ST. FRANCIS (*turning to the* Sacristan *who shows less anger*) : Anon he will repay thee, honest Sacristan. But I say unto thee that I marvel he hath not given away all the rest, and thou oughtest to have known his ways so well by this time, thou wouldest not have left him alone in the sacristy.

BROTHER BERNARDO (*half in disgust*) : Because he giveth away all he hath to those who ask for love of God and in praise of Him, one cannot leave anything lying about the friary.

BROTHER JUNIPER (*beseechingly clasping his hands*) : Forgive me all, I did it but in pity for the poor little woman.

THE SACRISTAN (*taking* Brother Juniper's *hand tenderly*) : 'Twas my folly hath done it; I ought never to have left thee alone, knowing thou wouldst give away all to one in need. I will return to the altar forgiving you all. (*Raising his hand.*) Peace be to thee Father, and to thy little flock.

(Brother Juniper *walks over to one side of the scene with him, and waves to him as he goes out of sight.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*aside*) : Would to God that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!

(*Music is heard; the sound of a bagpipe, then voices singing "Morning Hymn."*)

Morning Hymn

Soon night will pass; Through field and grass
What odors sweet the morning sendeth;
O'er vale and height "Let there be light!"
Thus saith the Lord, and darkness endeth—
From heaven's expanse, through all the lands
The angels soar in rapture glorious;
Sun's light unfurl'd, Flames through the world—
Lord, let us strive and be victorious.

Isidor Georg Henschel

(*A group of peasants come on to the scene, led by* Brother Elias; *the* Brothers *already in the action and* St. Francis *join hands, singing the Old Melody. It is restrained gayety, a sweet natural outpouring of joyous feeling. Among the group of peasants close to* Brother Elias *is a* Youth, *a stranger, richly dressed. He looks eagerly about among the* Brothers *as they joyously sing. The music stops, the little group stand quiet.*)

ST. FRANCIS: We are minstrels of the Lord. For what are the servants of the Lord, but his minstrels, who should raise the hearts of men and move them to spiritual joy.

(*He then goes about among the peasants taking their hands in gentle greeting. The peasants look upon him reverently, half mystified, and yet with a simple adoration in their faces. The stranger* Youth *stands as if transfixed in wonder. His hands clasped, his eyes fixed upon* St. Francis *in an adoring and almost supplicating way. As* St. Francis *reaches* Brother Elias *he greets him in the following words.*)

ST. FRANCIS: Brother Elias, hast thou and other of the brothers toiled well, and helped these laborers in their fields?

BROTHER ELIAS: Yea, Father, we were working in the harvest fields, earning our daily bread by the sweat of our brow.

(The Youth *seems no longer able to control his feelings and goes half timidly, half in eager haste toward* St. Francis. St. Francis *observes him and looks at him with eager interest.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*questioning earnestly the* Youth): Who art thou? Wherefore art thou come?

THE YOUTH (*kneeling before* St. Francis): Father, fain would I become one of your friars.

ST. FRANCIS (*putting his hand tenderly on the* Youth's *head*): Son, thou art but a delicate youth and of

noble birth, peradventure thou couldst not endure our poverty and hardships.

THE YOUTH: Father, are ye not men as I am? Since ye then endure these things, even so can I, by the grace of Jesus Christ.

ST. FRANCIS: Son, well pleased am I with thy answer. I will give thee my blessing, and since thou art beautiful like an angel, and saintly in thy desires, thou shalt be called Brother Angelo.

(St. Francis *holds his hands above the* Youth's *head in silent blessing, then lifts him to his feet.*)

ST. FRANCIS (*with his hand still laid tenderly on the* Youth's *shoulder*): I tell thee, brother, that this was, and is, my first intention and last desire, that no friar should have anything, save a robe, with a girdle. If they are forced by necessity they may wear sandals.

BROTHER ANGELO: The saying hath gone out into the whole world, father, that thou dost profess poverty before God and Man.

ST. FRANCIS: Yea, brother, I have chosen Holy poverty for my Lady and for my spiritual and bodily riches.

BROTHER BERNARDO: We be poor and since we be many the alms we have are necessary to us. But (*pointing to the loaves of bread and jug of wine*) for the love of that Lord whom thou too, Brother Angelo,

hast named, we will give thee of the alms which the Lord hath given us.

BROTHER JUNIPER (*addressing* Brother Angelo *gently*): Brother, take less always than thou thinkest thou wilt need, lest thou may defraud other poor folk of their portion.

BROTHER LEO: For very great shame it is to us when we find anyone poorer than we are.

BROTHER MASSEO (*putting his arm tenderly around the shoulders of* St. Francis *speaks in tender testing way*): Little Father, why after thee? Why after thee?

ST. FRANCIS (*looking up questioningly into* Brother Masseo's *face*): What meanest thou?

BROTHER MASSEO (*in tender jest*): I mean why doth all the world follow after thee, and why doth every man desire to see thee, and to hear thee, and to obey thee? (*Drawing a little away from* St. Francis *and looking him up and down tenderly in jest.*) Thou art not fair to look upon; thou art not a man of parts; thou art not of noble birth. Whence cometh it then that all the world followeth after thee?

ST. FRANCIS (*putting his hand gently on* Brother Masseo's *shoulder but looking at all his little group*): Wouldst thou know why after me? There is none more imperfect, or a greater sinner than I.

God hath chosen me, therefore, in order to make manifest that every virtue, and every good thing cometh from Him, the Creator, and not from me, the creature.

BROTHER LEO (*in great reverence*): O father Francis, God will do in such wise that among the blessed, thou shalt be singularly blessed.

BROTHER MASSEO (*reaching out his hands toward* St. Francis *in loving and earnest supplication*): Father, whatsoever thou layest upon me, either all or in part, that I hold to be wholly of God.

ST. FRANCIS: Brother Masseo, I desire thou takest upon thee the duty of doorkeeper at the friary. So thou mayst satisfy with some sweet words of God those who come to the convent ere they knock. (*Turning to the others.*) In the name of the Lord, go ye, two and two, on the way humbly, and decently, from the dawn till past the hour of tierce, praying the Lord in your hearts. And let not idle and useless words be so much as named among you, as if you were in a hermitage or cell.

BROTHER JUNIPER (*shaking his head doubtfully*): The Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

ST. FRANCIS: Brother body is our cell, and our soul is the hermit, who remains within to pray to God, and to meditate on Him.

Brother Leo: Ere we separate, little father Francis, may we not break bread together?

St. Francis: Sit ye down, Brothers, and ye other laborers of the Lord. (*Pointing to the flat stone where the loaves and wine are set.*) This is the table of the Lord, the table of love around which shall gather the poor little ones.

One Peasant (*wonderingly*): Is this the poor little man of Assisi?

Second Peasant (*in great wonder*): Verily these are God's holy friars that merit his Paradise!

(*They all sit down about the flat stone in the centre facing the congregation.* Brother Bernardo *on one side of* St. Francis, Brother Juniper *on the other side, the other* Brothers *grouped about.* Brother Angelo *leans forward especially intent upon* St. Francis' *words. The* Peasants *scattered among the* Brothers. *As* St. Francis *breaks the bread, and pours the wine, he gives the following verse from the "Canticle of the Sun."*)

St. Francis: Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many colors and grass.

Brother Angelo: Father, tell us why we are called Brothers Minor.

ST. FRANCIS: The Order and life of the Brothers Minor is a certain little flock, which the Son of God in these latter times asked of his heavenly Father, saying, Father, I would that thou shouldst make, and give to me, a new and humble folk in these last times, unlike to all others, who have gone before them, in humility and poverty, and content to possess thee alone.

BROTHER BERNADO (*reverently*): A man's worth is what he is in the sight of God, and no more.

ST. FRANCIS (*looking earnestly and in great tenderness around his little group*): For it is no great thing if the Lord should wish to have a new and little flock, singular and unlike all those who have come before them in life and work; a folk which should be content to have him alone most sweet.

(*The light has been fading gradually until now it is past sunset and an early evening light rests gently upon them all. As* St. Francis *finishes his last words, a faraway church bell peals softly and solemnly. The* Brothers Minor *bow their heads in silence until the pealing of the bell is over, then very slowly one by one they intone the "Canticle of the Sun."*)

ST. FRANCIS: O most high, almighty good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor and all blessing!

Brother Bernardo: Praise be my Lord God with all his creatures, and especially our brother the Sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light, fair is he and shines with a very great splendor; O Lord he signifies to us thee!

Brother Masseo: Praised be my Lord for our sister the Moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Brother Angelo: Praised be my Lord for our brother the Wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather by the which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Brother Leo: Praised be my Lord for our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto us and humble and precious and clean.

Brother Bernardo: Praised be my Lord for our brother Fire, through whom thou givest us light in darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Brother Juniper (*very earnestly*): Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

St. Francis (*lifting his hands toward* Heaven *and looking up in a spirit of joyous consecration*):

Praise ye, and bless the Lord and give thanks unto him and serve him with great humility.

(*The distant soft peal of church bells is heard, while* St. Francis *remains in the attitude of self-forgetting consecrated worship, and his* Brothers *gaze at him in reverent and absorbed devotion.*)

CLOSING SERVICE

ONE GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION:

Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

SECOND GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION:

Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

FIRST GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION:

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

SECOND GROUP OF CHILDREN IN CONGREGATION:

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled.

TOGETHER:

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Congregation sings the following hymn:

He that is Down

Johann Sebastian Bach

He that is down needs fear no fall
He that is low no pride
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have
Little be it or much;
And Lord contentment still I crave
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage
Here little, and here after bliss
Is best from age to age.

Words by *John Bunyan*

Suggestions for Presentation

The Brothers *all wear simple rough tunics of brown, with girdles round their waists, and cowls over their heads. All wear sandals. The* Youth *is dressed in a rich costume of the Italian nobility in the thirteenth century. (Sketch in the Appendix.) The* Sacristan *wears a simple tunic with a cord around his waist on which hang bunches of large keys. The* Peasants *wear rough one piece tunics in varied shades of brown and*

green. Large Umbrian straw hats, and three have sickles in their hands, three small sheaves of wheat or grain. The bagpipe is the kind shown in sketch in the Appendix. *"Walking in the end of May in the fields about Florence, Perugia or Rieti, one still sees at nightfall, the bagpiper entering the fields . . . they play a few pieces, and when the train of haymakers return to the village, it is they who lead the procession."—St. Francis of Assisi, by Paul Sabatier.*

APPENDIX

Notes on Costumes and Properties

These Services have been given successfully in churches of varied architectural design by adapting the action to platform, high pulpit, or chancel. Sheets of the Order of Services, simply typed, for the dramatic services are of value for the congregational part, which is as important to the whole as the dramatic episode itself. These Orders of Services may be kept from year to year as the repetition of the dramatic services enhances their value in the work of the church school. The opening hymns in all the services may serve as Processionals for the entrance of the members of the school into the church.

1. Hebrew Costumes for Women and Men:
   (a) Made kimona style and very simple.
   (b) Use unbleached cotton, or silk crepe, or sateen in white or colors.
   (c) For embroidery stencil in gold, silver or colors. Stencil patterns may be bought reasonably.
   (d) Wide stripes are effective for shepherds, David's brothers and other characters who

lived simply. A plain robe with an over garment in contrasting colors is effective.

(e) Girdles, in contrasting shades to garments, about six inches wide; or cords to hold garments at waist line. The difference between the women's and men's costumes is the fuller manner of cutting material and the softer texture of the women's.

(f) Headdresses—a square piece of cloth bound on by an encircling twisted strip of contrasting color; or a turban made by winding a strip of cloth several times about the head.

(g) Sandals made of cardboard covered with canvas bound on by leather thongs or strips of colored tape.

2. Armor can be made of cardboard gilded or of heavy burlap painted.
3. Angel: Color, terra cotta and old gold, with gold halo and wings and trumpet. Bore two holes in the halo, run through a gold cord or tape and bind it about the head tying it at the back of the halo.
4. Arab Tent: Throw heavy material, burlap is good, over upright posts—black, tan, or striped material.
5. The beaver board outline of a Palestine town which may be used for Bethany or Jerusalem—cut from beaver board houses about one foot high in type

ELDER
WATCHMAN
ITALIAN YOUTH
ANGEL
GUITAR
BAG PIPE
HARP
ARAB TENT
SANDAL
MM. Bradford

PLATE II

of the Palestine houses. Color these in pinks, blues, pale yellow and lavender. Cut a dome-shaped building two or three inches higher than the houses, color gold. Take a wide flat plank about ten feet long, four feet wide; nail three strips lengthwise on this plank, one inch high, and six inches from front and back sides, and one foot apart. Tack to these the beaver board houses and gold dome. The distances apart of the strips will give effect of perspective to the houses. Place greens or trees below and at sides to suggest distance of scene.

6. The wall is made of beaver board cut six feet high, with a serrated top, and rising at one end to suggest a tower on the wall. This is washed over unevenly with paint in delicate tints of yellow and pinkish blue. A wooden base is nailed to the bottom, high enough to support the wall and keep it firmly standing.

7. References for costumes and details:

Tissot colored prints to be had of the Tissot Society, New York, N. Y.

The Concordance of many Bibles has rich material in pictures and notes.

The encyclopedia.

Colored picture post cards of the Sargent Prophets and the Abbey Holy Grail from the Boston Public Library, Boston, Mass.

MUSIC

The hymns designated in the services are to be found in *The Beacon Hymnal, The New Hymn and Tune Book,* and other church hymnals.

The Bach Chorales, and all other special songs and organ music, including the Easter Carol, "O Filii et Filiæ," may be obtained from E. C. Schirmer Music Company, 221 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., at very reasonable cost.

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